

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Sir Michael Scott: a Romance.* By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 3 vols. Post 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

It is no easy matter to bring one's feelings down to the proper critical temperament, after they have been spell-bound for a whole night by so potent a magician as Allan Cunningham. The fire as completely gone as if it had never been, and the lights just expiring, we have awakened from our dream of faëry-land, thrilling, dazzled, and confused,—our chamber is haunted by dim-seen spirits of all orders—the evil and the good, the ghastly and the beautiful. We feel as though we were unauthorized intruders into a world consecrated to the splendours of imagination—the wayward magnificence of thought—the astounding achievements of some unimaginable creator. Powerful as is the fascination, it is delightful also; and we would willingly yield again to its overwhelming influence, did not the coarse avocations of reality imperatively demand attention.

In the volumes we have just closed, Mr. Cunningham presents us with a picture of the fanciful speculations of his countrymen in days of old,—speculations in which some indulge even to the present hour. He gathers 'from history, tale, and tradition, the torn and scattered members of popular superstition,' and attempts to combine them in this romance. Truly the union is remarkable, and its results not less so. As a narrative, we consider the effort a complete failure; it is not that which hurries us on irresistibly to the (*catastrophe*—we were going to say,—but there is none,) conclusion, but it is a series of eternally-shifting views, in which life as we knew it, and life as it may be dreamt of, is exhibited,—in which all that our nature has experienced, and poetry herself imagined, is personified and made to play a various and important part. The Michael Scott of this romance (as the preface tells us) was a great magician, who, 'like the Faustus of German romance, was personally acquainted with the Spirit of Evil, but, unlike him, he had the power or the good fortune to vanquish the adversary, and overcome and reduce to servitude all the lesser powers of darkness.' Like Merlin, too, of old, his knowledge was employed in humbling 'the powers of evil and of blood, and in doing deeds of kindness to mankind.' Availing himself of the traditionary belief that James the Fourth escaped from Flodden-field, wandered over the earth performing acts of gentleness and benevolence, and at length expired, after having beheld in a vision 'the future glory and importance of our island,' Mr. Cunningham puts the errant-

monarch under the care of our before-mentioned friend, Sir Michael, and the romance is descriptive of their united journeyings and pursuits. Their first adventure is in the English camp, at the entrance of which they arrest the attention of Lord Surrey, who exclaims,—

"A minstrel! shame to the knight who sits, while a follower of the art divine stands at my tent door. Fitz-Allan and Bulmer, invite him into our tent; let a seat be set at my right hand; place wine and food beside it; for one of the inspired sons of song honours us with his presence. The knights went, and soon returned, ushering in Sir James, accompanied by Sir Michael.

"Sir minstrel," said Lord Surrey, rising, and motioning Sir James to a seat, "the Howard welcomes you to his side; and never could poet come in a happier hour; for a glorious victory has been won, and a gallant king slain. Here, Ralph Theakston, bring the minstrel my harp; a better instrument his hand never swept; we would gladly hear him sing a song in our honour; honest praise is no flattery." "Noble Howard," answered Sir James, "thy praise in this I may not sing; thy hands are dyed with the blood of my kinsmen; the shouts of victory which lately filled the air were from my country's enemies, and the groans which I hear even now of the wounded, come from men who share in my love and my blood."

"Thou shuffling Scot, this shall not serve thee," exclaimed Lord Dacre; "sing! else by the moon and all her stars I shall dash out two of thy front teeth with my truncheon: sing! else I shall cut the fingers from thy right hand, and mar thy minstrelsy for ever. Did not thy traitor King Bruce cause the Carmelite bard of Edward to sing of his fight at the brook of Bannoch. Sing! else I shall strip thy minstrel mantle from thy back, and scourge thee over the border."

"Lord Dacre! this language is somewhat too rough," thus interposed Lord Surrey; "the spirit of the poet should be soothed by kind words, and kindled by commendations. Thinkest thou that a minstrel can be urged into inspiration, as thou urgest on thy fiery warriors? His sensitive spirit must, like a tender wound, be touched softly. Under your darkening brow and threatening eye a poet would have a hero's soul and a hero's hand, if he sung one verse that deserved to live. Can the lark sing under the wing of the raven?"

Sir James spoke in a tone modest but unembarrassed: "The duty of a minstrel, my Lord Surrey, is to sing a strain pleasant to the listener's ear, and what other song could the poet sing, who spoke truth of the noble Howard. But were I to sing how Lord Dacre escaped, and hardly escaped, from the war-axe of the Douglas; or how he shunned the encounter of the King of Scotland's lance, who would protect me from his wrath? and yet his wrath should not stay my song, did I not feel

that the funeral wail becomes me more than a chant such as would please the victor." "By the soul of my ancestors," replied Lord Dacre, "thou art a bold bard, and I'll warrant me thy hand is as dexterous with the lance as with the harp. I beg to be counted thy friend; thou hast a fair advantage over me; to be stricken both with sword and song is not the wish of Thomas Dacre, so sing or be silent, as thou wilt." "Spoken like thyself, my iron veteran," said Lord Surrey; "in the Howards' tent the poet is as free as if that seat where he sits were one of his pastoral hills, and the banner above it the eagle of his native rock!"

Sir James sat and mused for a minute's space, and then, with a manly voice, sung a song which was long remembered about the pastoral vallies of the border. Lord Howard leaned over his sword, and the knights crowded round the tent to listen to the strain:—

### THE SONG OF SIR JAMES.

'The grass of Flodden's ruby red,  
That late so greenly grew;  
The sweet lark's foot is wet with blood  
Instead of silver dew.  
For Howard's arrow flight has flown,  
And in their fleet career  
His steeds have trod o'er Scotland's strength,  
And broke her deadly spear.  
'I sing, and while I sing I sigh!  
For had these gallant men,  
Whose life's-blood stains the river red,  
Whose bodies choke the glen,  
Been sagely ruled, as bravely led,  
Yon moon above us hung,  
Another sight had seen, and I  
A happier song had sung.  
'The sword has smote, the shaft is flown,  
The victor's cry is cry'd;  
More sad is he who basely lives,  
Than he who bravely died.  
I'd rather lie like Lindsay sped,  
Have Douglas' bloody brow;  
Or share stout Maxwell's grassy bed,  
Than be as I am now.  
'I fought where Surrey's shafts flew thick,  
Where rose fierce Selby's cry;  
Where Dacre rush'd, and Stanley charg'd,  
And yet I could not die.  
Farewell to Scotland's pleasant land,  
And to its lovely dames!  
To lordly lance and knightly brand,  
So sings he, sad Sir James.  
'Lord Surrey held out his hand; "There, minstrel! there is the right hand of a Howard, and it is as proud of the poet's clasp as of the touch of a monarch. Thou hast sung wisely and well, and though an enemy, and English blood on thy hands, ask what boon thou wilt, and it is thine. May his reptile memory be embalmed in scornful verse, like a spider in amber, who honours not the unteachable and untaught art."

"Thanks, noble Howard," answered Sir James, "but I have no boon to beg. I came to thy tent door to dare thee to mortal strife; I



have seen thee, I have heard thee, and I fear thy nobleness of nature more than I fear thy sword."

"By Saint Edward!" said Lord Surrey, "thou art a bold bard. I can touch a harp, fashion a verse, and with a sword do my devoir as a knight. Minstrel! it might do thee some harm to strike three strokes of a sword with me underneath the moon; so I do not advise thee. I honour thy skill in the art of heaven too much to lead thee into the mystery of an art which men scruple not to say comes from another place." "It is unlike the Howard," answered Sir James, "to bring down the noble profession of arms to the level of an art practised by strolling mendicants. Let the minstrel sing his hireling song, and get his food and his dress, of which he is unworthy; but never compare the chant of a metre-ballad maker to the sound of the trumpet, the rushing to battle, and the splintering of the spears, in the presence of lords and beauteous dames."

"By my faith! and this wandering poet says well," said Lord Stanley, "and I shall never hear a song sung but I shall think of its unworthiness. It is an idle trade, a fashion which has sprung up lately at court. In the palace of his defunct majesty of Scotland were harpers rude and poets plenty; and the chivalrous monarch himself could touch the harp and labour out a verse. Nay, even the son of grim old Douglas has thrown helmet and spear aside, and his verses have come further south than ever came his ancestor's sword. But what have we here? Ned Clifford and my woodsman, John of Bredislee, bearing a slaughtered body?" Lord Dacre exclaimed, "By heaven, the King of Scotland!" All rose, and a warrior's body, bathed in blood and pierced with wounds, was laid on the floor of the tent.

Affected by the honours bestowed on an obscure corse which the English imagine to be that of the Scottish King,—

Sir James thought on the gallant army, and on the flower of the nobility of Scotland; there they lay as thick as sheaves in an autumn field; as leaves on a winter's morn; as grass before the blade of the mower, when he is weary at eve. Life, as he thus meditated, grew a bitter boon, and death seemed sweet and desirable, since it promised repose and oblivion. "Sir Michael," he whispered to his companion, "the life which I now cast away was unwillingly preserved on that bloody field. Stay me not with thy sorcery or thy love, and I shall die as becomes me, and as I deserve." As he spoke he stood in the middle of the tent, drew his sword half way from the sheath, and exclaimed: "Look on me, Howard, I am James of Scotland; behold my signet ring; and look at my sword; hast thou noble or knight who dares measure a weapon with me? My body thou shalt have, but not till life is gone." As he drew his sword, struck with the hilt on his bosom, and the links of a chain gave a slight rattle.

The English nobles looked on him, and then broke out into wild laughter. "A poet, a poet," cried Lord Stanley; "he has all the madness necessary for inspiration. Thou, James Stuart, the poet king? a wandering mendicant—a peasant harper—not one in all our camp would measure swords with such a moon-struck enthusiast as thou." "Here, Rawstone and Hewen," said Lord Dacre, "cool this hot-headed harper in the Twisel. A king! aye, a monarch among mendicants!"

"Sir Minstrel," said Lord Surrey, "thou art not mad; for no madman could have

framed the song thou hast lately sung. Nor can I believe thee knavish, since the divine art is never coupled with an unworthy nature. Nor can I believe thee overcome with wine, for a sober spirit has hitherto conducted thee. Be silent, therefore, or begone; or if thou needs must speak, let thy words be those of my favourite art, even though thou shouldst sing in the homely language of thine own people."

"Lord Surrey," said Sir James, "behold these true tokens—the signet-ring and the chain." He unbuckled his armour, bared his bosom, and Howard looked to where he motioned him; a slight flush of anger passed over his face as he said, "Sir minstrel, this is not well; the chain of the king is of iron, thine is of solid gold. The chain of the monarch is heavy, and thine is as light as that which a maiden hangs round her neck when she becomes a bride. Go from me now; but as thou seemest of a mirthful mood, come to Raby Tower, and, by the faith of verse and the joy of the harp-string, I shall let thee be as mad and merry as thou wilt; but there is time and place for all things."

Sir James knew not what to say; he glanced to his companion, and there sat Sir Michael, as silent and still as a statue. He looked at the nobles and knights, and saw mirth in every face. He snatched up a basnet of steel, and gazing at the form which its polish reflected back, he muttered an imprecation, dashed the basnet to the floor, and striking it with his sword as it rolled, clave the solid steel cleanly asunder, and the fragments flew to the opposite extremities of the tent. By St. George, poet," said Lord Stanley, laying the cloven basnet together, "if thy harp string had the sorcery of thy sword, thou wouldst soon harp me out of a fair estate. Let me look on the blade—ah! by St. Edward, this is a royal sword. I saw it in fair Holyrood, honoured as a relic of that bold rebel King Robert. Minstrel, I must make free to keep this weapon, and arrest thy person."

Sir James started back from the grasp of Lord Stanley, and presenting the point of his weapon, exclaimed: "He who wishes to wear it, must win it." The sword of Lord Stanley was bared in a moment, and they advanced on each other. Lord Surrey snatched a mantle from the arm of one of his knights, threw it over the points of the swords, and rushing between them, said, "For shame, Lord Stanley, to draw a sword in my tent on a guest whom I love to honour for his skill in the art which wise men admire." "'Tis James Stuart himself, by heaven," exclaimed Lord Dacre, "this quarrel has made him into a monarch; or else he has the art of transmigration as well as of minstrelsy." "It is the King of Scotland, and no one else," shouted a soldier from the entrance of the tent; "slay him where he stands, for he slew my two brethren." Swords were drawn in haste; a rush of knights filled the tent; the lights were extinguished, blows and thrusts were given, and blood spilt. The tumult subsided; the torches were rekindled, and the voice of Lord Surrey was heard, saying, "Where is the King of Scotland?" "He has slain Lord Dacre outright," said a knight in a low voice; his men are bearing him to his tent. "Peace be with him; he was a bold and forward soldier," answered Lord Surrey; "but who has taken the King of Scots? He has stricken Lord Stanley through the body. He is now bleeding to death, his knights kneeling over him, and James Stuart is gone like a passing shadow; like a breath of evil wind

that goes unseen, and leaves death and destruction behind."

The progress of this mystical couple through England is narrated with striking power,—the effects of the victory of Flodden on various classes are vividly described,—and there is in the course of the early chapters one of the most highly wrought exposures of monastic luxuries and excesses that we ever read. At one of their green-wood banquets Sir Michael summons Brunelfin to attend them. The merry, mischievous, but (of course) benevolent imp is admirably conceived. At his first introduction he is represented as 'a half-grown youth, bare-armed, bare-necked, bare-headed, and bare-footed; with black eyes, black locks, and a complexion as brown as a well-ripened nut.' This entertaining and important, if not perfectly original personage, is prevailed upon by James to warble a few verses in which he spiritedly recounts his many frolicsome tricks and extraordinary qualifications. We regret that we cannot quote this and several other songs which occur throughout the work. They have all the impress of Mr. Cunningham's peculiar genius; and some two or three seem to us to excel any thing of the kind that he has heretofore produced. We allude particularly to one of Brunelfin's, and to the simple, and impassioned, and original ballad, beginning—

"She's gone to dwell in heaven, my lassie,  
She's gone to dwell in heaven;  
Ye're o'er pure quoth the voice of God,  
For dwelling out of heaven."

From innumerable beauties we select a portion of the scene in the Valley of Future Existence, regretting only that we cannot enrich our columns with *all* the illustrious shadows called up by the wand of the magician:—

"They stood on the bank of the dark river, and the sound of its water was mournful in their ears. A fair broad valley lay before them, and at the farther side there sat a star on the green summit of the upper ground, which spilt its light by fits, along the grass, and woods, and flowers. And St. Michael said, "Stand here, and behold the deeds which will be done on earth for many ages, and the men who will perform them, till the light of knowledge is fully diffused, and human freedom is owned by princes and by rulers. On this blessed night, and through this fair vale, will you behold the figures of the wise, the heroic, and the inspired, come; all those whom God intends to send for the delight and the instruction of mankind will be here, but those of our own isle alone will be visible unto us. The other illustrious spirits, who are yet to be a blessing to Christendom, are denied to our sight." "I would rejoice in the sight," answered Sir James, "for I love the glory of other nations as well as that of my native isle, and the illustrious spirits of all countries are dear to those who love all mankind; but be it as it is willed." "It cannot be otherwise," replied Sir Michael; "be silent, for lo! they begin to appear."

And there came a bright spirit to the side of Sir Michael, who said, "Look, mortals, look—the souls which are to gladden the earth for two hundred years come here to-night to be seen of the angels; for on this blessed spot God first made man, and here was the first body endowed with an immortal soul." They stood, and



looked, and the first who came was one wearing a crown, and bearing a lyre in his hand, and the sounds which flowed from his lips, and from his instrument were of mingled seriousness and mirth. And Sir James started when he beheld him, for he knew the crown of his native land, and he hardly refrained from shouting for joy. The figure approached, and walked slowly past, and there was a martial enthusiasm mingled with poetic fervour which kindled up his whole frame. "See James, the fifth Stuart," said the spirit, "to him will his country owe some of those strains of domestic gladness and fire-side joy, of which the Border land will be full; some of those bright and imperishable lyrics which stamp off human nature in its happiest mood, and which, dealing with human nature only, will ever be fresh and green. A warrior tried, a statesman good, and a just and active prince; and so his character is drawn."

Gavin Douglas; Mary Stuart; Napier of Merchiston, the great inventor of the logarithms; the wisest and the best of Scotland's sons, George Buchanan; John Knox; Queen Elizabeth; Sir Philip Sydney; Edmund Spenser, the pride and the glory of chivalry and romantic song; Sir Walter Raleigh and Peter Wentworth, the simple and devout; James Stuart, the wise; William Shakspeare, who is described as 'a simple man, sparing of speech, with no marks such as study or pursuit set upon human nature,' yet looking 'the sage, poet, warrior, and prophet; Ben Jonson; Beaumont and Fletcher, and Thomas Otway; Francis Bacon; John Hampden; Harry Vané; Henry Cary, and Thomas Fairfax with Blake, England's great naval hero—all are characteristically and beautifully drawn. These we have been able only to enumerate, but for the following portraits of illustrious men who have adorned or are adorning our own era, we must find room.

"Sir James beheld a form enter the Valley of Life, a tall and a manly shape, with independence stamped on his open brow, and a step and an eye which showed that he sympathized with human nature, and enjoyed life. "That is the peasant poet of Scotland," said the spirit; "his passionate enthusiasm and love of nature, his delight in all that is lofty and characteristic of his country, his deep sympathy with the loves, the joys, the feelings, and the opinions of rustic life, and his power of extracting the sweetest poetry from the ordinary materials of existence, will mark him out as one of the most original poets, one of the best benefactors to the humble inhabitants of the hills and dales of Scotland. To Robert Burns true love will owe the record of some of its dearest and divinest inspirations." Long, and with an eye of reverence, did Sir James look on the illustrious poet, who hurried swiftly past, and was speedily lost to the sight.

"While he gazed on the illustrious peasant another form approached, whose face, for a moment as dark as night, soon shone out like the summer sun, all brightness and joy. His eye seemed to scorn the world, and his steps were hurried and wayward. "Behold George Gordon Byron," said the spirit, "behold him now as dark and disdainful as the fiend who reigns below; his glance seems to wither all it looks on, and his breath infects with incurable blight whatsoever it passes over. And now behold him, the cloud has passed away, and his benevolent and lofty spirit flashes brightly out; all

that he looks upon becomes from that moment consecrated, all that he names becomes from that moment immortal. Now the lofty and powerful spirits of the island come thick and three-fold, they are poured forth in the munificence of nature, even as the unrisen sun sends forth his innumerable rays upon the mountains; as they glide hastily along I shall name them, that you may know the saviour spirits who will arise in future days."

"Nay, it is not brute strength and bodily endurance which mark the warrior," said the spirit, "else these figures twain would be among the least meritorious of mankind. These are the future victors by land and wave, who will conquer by the greatness and daringness of their spirits, who will have the art of infusing their own heroic souls into their followers, and the power of inspiring human hearts with more than human firmness and valour. Aye, look on them well, how unlike, in strength, the heroes of old, and yet how like them in soul, in spirit, and in success. Look on them well, for to them thy green island shall owe its sovereignty of the sea, and its dominion by land. Look on them well, for their genius and valour shall save the world from becoming the slave of the greatest leader and loftiest despot that ever led forth his martial bands to battle and to victory. Look on them before they pass from before thee, and think on the places of fame which history will assign to their country's saviour's, Horatio Nelson, and Arthur Wellesley." The martial figures passed by, but faded not from sight.

"Is this a poet, or a warrior, or both in one," said Sir James? "his manly and stalwart form indicate the warrior, and his lofty and meditating brow and eye, kindled with inspiration, mark the poet. He seems the minstrel-hero of old romance, and yet when I look more steadily I see a shrewd mind-measuring power about him which the knights of chivalry seemed not to possess." "He will be the poet of thine own beloved land," said the spirit; "the poet of its chivalry, of its martial daring, and of its knightly deeds. He will be the poet too of its mountains, its lakes, its hills, and its vales; of its castles gray, and church yards green; of its fairy knolls, and its haunted glens. He will be the poet likewise of its loftier and purer superstitions, of its wild beliefs, and its marvellous legends. He also may be the bard of rustic life, of the rural sages, and their pastoral fire-sides; the embalmer of the poetic feeling, the sharp sarcasm, the biting humour, and affectionate natures of the peasantry. See, there is a halo already around his head brighter than what surrounds any of Scotland's sons; with all that belongs to the loftiest genius but its pride; with all the feelings which accompany fame and success but their arrogance; and with his genius working more stupendous miracles than ever thy companion performed with his magic; Walter Scott walks unconscious of it all, like a common and uninspired spirit."

"We are on the verge of two hundred years," said the guide, "and darkness is about to drop on the vale of existence, and hide it from thee for ever. But thou canst behold a kingly shape, one worthy of a crown, if mildness of nature, generosity of heart, and love of public honour, entitle a man to wear gold on his brows." Sir James looked, and beheld a crowned king walking slowly along the vale. "There," said the spirit, "thou seest one of the greatest and happiest of all thy descendants. Though surrounded by the flames of foreign war, by the folly of visionary dreamers of un-

attainable excellence in government; though harassed by the intrigues of faction, and the eloquent vehemence of party zeal, George the Fourth shall pass on unmoved by them all, and go to the grave with the undiminished affection of his subjects, and the universal admiration of mankind."

We shall return to these volumes in our next, but in the meantime recommend them to our readers as a work which, though much devoted to 'worlds invisible to mortal ken,' is yet not deficient in human interest; and in which the various powers of a great poetical mind have been most successfully called into action. If we are not much mistaken, it will take its place at the head of all Mr. Cunningham has written; for it is freer from his customary faults, and is invested with a supernatural and romantic halo, no less influencing the critical than the common reader, and leaving one nothing to do but admire the unrestrained liberality with which the exhaustless riches of a gifted imagination are poured out.

#### *The Further Progress of Colonial Reform.*

8vo. pp. 76. London, 1827. Hatchard. THE perusal of this pamphlet has more than ever convinced us that, unless some great and prompt ameliorations take place in our colonial laws, the English possessions in the Antilles will inevitably become subjected to a revolution similar to that which, about a quarter of a century ago, delivered St. Domingo from the authority of France. The precise time at which such an event is likely to occur, cannot be pointed out. Gibbon has said, "There is a period in which the patience of the tamest slave rises into fury and revenge." That epoch is already announced, and the same as a slight murmur on the bosom of the ocean precedes a tempest, so do the partial insurrections which broke out a few years ago, in Jamaica and Demerara, foretell the approach of a revolution which threatens the American Archipelago. How is this revolutionary flame to be extinguished, when its elements exist in the breast of every man of colour? It cannot surely be desirable to grant immediate freedom to all slaves, and thus to attack individual property, and to reduce men of all colours to misery; still less can it be wished, to augment the authority of the masters, and to violate the rights of nature by retaining in a perpetual bondage, men who are our equals and our brothers. Yet it is in the obstinate maintenance of these two opposite opinions that consists the difficulty, the real gordian knot which unhappily can perhaps only be untied by the bursting forth of the terrible insurrection we have alluded to. How, in fact, is it possible to conciliate two parties, one of whom will cede nothing, while the other wants to obtain every thing? one of whom (the colonists) represent the slaves as partaking, in a high degree, of every physical enjoyment, and as happier than the greater part of the peasantry of Europe, whilst the other (the abolitionists) paint these poor creatures as more unhappy than the Greeks beneath the Ottoman yoke, and as more pitiable objects even than the galley slaves. One has eyes for nothing but the inhumanities to which the blacks are exposed, and the other can



look only at the miserable condition that awaits the masters who are styled the unhappy planters.

One mode of arrangement, one safe path still remained open. By adopting the regulations of the English ministry, the governments of the colonies might have appeased the friends of the blacks, and if they could not ultimately prevent, they might long have postponed the revolution with which the Antilles are threatened. But the voice of moderation was not attended to: the colonists saw, in the abolition of the punishment of the whip as a stimulant to labour, a cause of diminution of that labour, and therefore they would not accede to the abolition: they feared by admitting the blacks as witnesses on trials, that they themselves might become the victims of false accusations, they consequently opposed negro testimony; they beheld an infringement of their rights of property in the forced manumission of slaves, and refused the legal ransom of these unfortunates.

These refusals, which originated in exaggerated fears, disgusted the government, fomented public discontent, and strengthened the cause of the abolitionists. According to the author of the pamphlet before us, we ought no longer to entertain the chimerical hope of ever abolishing slavery, or even of seeing it mitigated by the consent of the masters, or by the laws of the West India legislators; they pretend that the most cruel and odious parts of this oppression will remain, and must always continue to exist, as an inherent necessity of the system, until that system be utterly abolished.

Are not these complaints, which originate in laudable feelings, also a little exaggerated. God forbid that we should side with the strong for the oppression of the weak, that we should adopt prejudices in place of principles, or reject truth for error. We smile in pity at the creole who informs us that the blacks of the colonies are better off than our English peasantry; and we feel indignant at the defender of slavery, who dares to compare the condition of a slave with that of free man: but we also repulse, as contrary to truth, the assertion that the state of the slaves has not received during the last few years the least amelioration. As has been before observed, the chastisements now are more rare and less severe, the labours of the negroes are lightened, they are themselves better lodged, better clothed, better fed, and when they are ill, they receive all the attentions which humanity dictates, in infirmaries that are conveniently situated, and are regularly visited by the physicians belonging to these establishments. It is an incontestible fact, that the condition of the blacks has been ameliorated; but these ameliorations are insufficient, and even the regulations sent out by the English ministry would now perhaps be inefficacious.

It is absolutely necessary first to establish the principle that man can have no right of possession over his fellow creature, and that difference of colour can never be a barrier between the children of one common father; and then putting this principle into practice, we must begin the work of emancipation. The complete extinction of slavery need not be im-

mediate, but gradual enfranchisement ought to commence at once. It would be well to instruct the negroes, and to make them understand the rights and duties of man previous to giving them their freedom. It would also be desirable to conciliate, if possible, the interests of the colonists, and in conferring, for example, the title of citizen on the 350,000 slaves of Jamaica, to act in such a manner as not to reduce to misery the 60,000 whites who, now their masters, would then only be their equals.

It is not by means of the missionaries which England sends out in such numbers to her colonies, that the first of these objects (the instruction of the blacks) is to be attained. The missionaries think too much of the future welfare of the slaves, and not enough of their existence in the present world: they give them a religious and spiritual education, not a moral and terrestrial one. Neither is it by the enforcement of the regulations made by the English ministry that slavery will be extinguished, those regulations will soften the lot of the slaves, but can never lead to their complete emancipation.

If there is a real wish to conciliate the interests of the colonists with the claims of justice, both divine and human, let the same regulations be adopted that are now practised in Columbia and in several other states of South America. There the children of slaves are born free, they remain in the keeping of the colonist during their childhood; they then agree to serve him for a certain number of years, to indemnify him for the expenses of their education, maintenance, &c. and when this period of voluntary servitude is expired, they enter into the general class of citizens, and enjoy all civil and religious rights. Thus in less than a quarter of a century, slavery will almost have vanished from the territory of Columbia, and this revolution will be effected, without any disorders, or any effusion of blood, and will not have occasioned the ruin of the white population.

*An Historical Sketch of the Origin, Progress, and Present State of Gas-lighting.* By WILLIAM MATTHEWS. 8vo. pp. 466. London, 1827. Hunter.

THE subject of gas-lighting is one of general importance, and Mr. Matthews has treated it in this volume in a manner that entitles him to our thanks; but whilst expressing our approval of the good sense, industry, and well-directed enthusiasm which mark what the writer modestly terms a *sketch*, we cannot forbear avowing our regret that the idea of a larger and more comprehensive history appears to have been abandoned. The subject deserves it: Mr. Matthews had long contemplated it; nay, a considerable portion of such history was actually written, and the public would surely have hailed its appearance with lively interest; but circumstances, the nature of which Mr. Matthews has not explained, and we cannot conjecture, have prevented its completion. It is interesting, however, to contemplate the plan, and we extract the author's statement from the preface:—

'Its object was to arrange in a regular and

consecutive order all the discoveries and inventions, with their various improvements, as well as the attempts at improvement, which have been made in the processes, apparatus, and machinery, through the whole course of gas-lighting; besides, it was intended to illustrate the detail by appropriate engravings, so as to exhibit a connected and simultaneous view of the rise and progress of this important art. As a source of convenient reference to those who may be engaged in gas operations, the utility of such a work will be obvious; and it also seemed likely to afford gratification to others, whom mere curiosity might interest in the subject, if the purposes in view could be fully accomplished.'

The present work, though merely an outline of that first contemplated, will be found to contain much well-arranged information, and the author has succeeded in giving methodical and perspicuous accounts of every fact and circumstance tending to develop 'the progressive application of an important discovery to useful and beneficial purposes.' Evidently an active and practical man, *utility* is the principal aim of Mr. Matthews; and we doubt not that his labours will be generally serviceable. His style is suitable to the matters of which he writes; nor need he apologize for the want of 'elegancies of phraseology;' his sentences, if not polished, are rarely inelegant, and his general manner is distinguished by simplicity and nerve.

Before dismissing the prefatory observations of Mr. Matthews, we must observe that he indulges in a little agreeable digression, in the course of which he claims for Birmingham (and we believe justly) the merit of being 'one of the places where the benevolent plan of ameliorating the mental condition of the working classes was not only first adopted, but where every religious denomination cordially and zealously united to support and promote it.' For this, among other equally creditable works of benevolence, Birmingham has every reason to claim credit; she has a right, too, to be called 'a favourite seat of the arts,' and to boast of her many illustrious sons; but we are sorry that, while upholding the pretensions of this favoured spot, which Burke foolishly characterizes as '*the toy-shop of Europe*,' Mr. Matthews should, in the excess of his partiality for a place endeared to him by early associations, and revered not only by him, but by every admirer of science and of worth, as the scene of the labours of Baskerville, Boulton, Watt, Priestly, &c.; we are sorry, we say, that in performing a task rather pleasing than necessary, (for who had called in question the claims of Birmingham?) Mr. Matthews should avail himself of the opportunity to insinuate a charge of unfairness against Dr. Birkbeck. We cannot enter into the question between Mr. Matthews and Dr. Birkbeck—nor is it necessary that we should—we shall simply state that the charge does not seem well supported, and that we know of no individual who can better afford to do justice to all his contemporaries, in whatever rank of life, or who has more frequently evinced his desire to do so, than Dr. Birkbeck. One other remark, and we proceed to our more immediate business. Attributing to Birmingham either the origin or



great improvement of the beautiful and brilliant light 'now so extensively subservient to the dispelling of physical darkness,' Mr. M. asserts, as a remarkable circumstance, that 'the streets of Birmingham were lighted by lamps before they were used in London,' an assertion which we have good authority for considering incorrect.

Among the matters which, on the score of novelty, first demand attention, are some details of operations at Soho:—

'Soho, near Birmingham, was an establishment as singular in its kind as it was extensive and various in its objects. It may be denominated a kind of theatre, to which men of genius were invited, and resorted from every civilized country, to exercise and display their talents. The perfection of the manufacturing arts was the great and constant aim of its liberal and enlightened proprietors, Messrs. Boulton and Watt; and whoever resided there was surrounded by a circle of scientific, ingenious, and skilful men, at all times ready to carry into effect the inventions of each other. Mr. Murdoch, Mr. Southern, Mr. Clegg, and Mr. Henry Creighton, the author of the excellent article on the Gas Lights, in the last Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, were resident at Soho.'

The subjoined quotations relate to the first introduction of gas, the forms of the retorts, &c.:

'Mr. Murdoch, of Soho, has the singular merit of being the person who first applied this gas to any economical purpose; and he also first exhibited the mode in which it might be employed, instead of lamps or candles, for all the usual purposes of artificial lighting. In the year 1792, he used coal gas for lighting his house and offices at Redruth in Cornwall; and in 1797 he again made a similar use of it at Old Cunnock, in Ayrshire. At that very large establishment, the Soho foundry, near Birmingham, in 1798, he constructed an apparatus which enabled him to exhibit his plan on a larger scale than any he had heretofore attempted. Here his experiments were sedulously continued, with a view to ascertain not only the best modes of making, but also of purifying and burning the gas, so as to prevent either the smell or the smoke from being offensive. But the peace which took place in the spring of 1802, afforded him an opportunity peculiarly favourable for making a more complete display of these brilliant lights than had ever been exhibited. The illumination of Soho works on this occasion was one of extraordinary splendour. The whole front of that extensive range of buildings was ornamented with a great variety of devices, that admirably displayed many of the varied forms of which the gas-light was susceptible. This luminous spectacle was as novel as it was astonishing; and Birmingham poured forth its numerous population to gaze at, and to admire, this wonderful display of the combined effects of science and art.'

'Mr. Murdoch, however, had many difficulties to overcome before he attained the perfection which he exhibited on this occasion. But, as he united scientific knowledge with great practical skill, his perseverance enabled him to triumph. The retorts first used by him were similar in form to the common glass retorts usually employed in chemical experiments; he next made trial of cast iron cylinders, which he placed perpendicularly in a common portable furnace; and they were calculated to contain about fifteen pounds of coals; but in 1802 he had recourse to the horizontal mode of set-

ting them. In 1804 and 1805 he varied his plans, and constructed his retorts with an aperture or door at each end, one of them for introducing the coal, and the other for taking out the coke; but this method he found inconvenient and troublesome. In the works which were constructed in 1805 and 1806, for Messrs. Phillips and Lee, at Manchester, he tried one of a different kind, which was very large, and had the form of a bucket with a cover to it. Into this a loose grate, or iron cage, was introduced, for the purpose of holding the coal; and by this contrivance the whole of the coke could at once be heaved out of the retort, when the carbonization was completed. This was so capacious as to contain fifteen hundred weight of coal; but afterwards smaller sizes were tried, and in an elliptical form. These were found to produce a greater quantity of gas, and the gas also possessed a higher degree of illuminating power.'

In this chapter we have also an amusing account of Mr. Winsor's gas exhibition at the Lyceum, which concludes thus:—

'It has been stated that Mr. Winsor raised nearly £50,000 by the subscriptions for establishing his New Light and Heat Company; but large as was the amount he was not enriched by it, for the whole was expended upon his projects. The retort in which he distilled his coal was an iron vessel, similar to a pot with a lid, well fitted and luted to the top of it. To the centre of the lid a pipe was fixed, to convey the gas to his condensing vessel, which was a circular cistern, made of a conical form, broader at the bottom than the top; it was divided into two or three separate compartments, and the plates that formed the division were perforated with a great number of holes, in order to spread the gas as it passed through them, to purify it from the sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia; but the operation was very imperfect with respect to the former. But in his first trials at the Lyceum, and for a considerable time afterwards, the gas was burnt in a very impure state, which produced head-ache, and other unpleasant consequences to his auditors who inhaled it. As it was condensed by passing it through water, it was of course deprived of a great part of the ammonia; but when he had afterwards recourse to lime and water to purify it, the process was very defective, and a great part of the sulphuretted hydrogen remained. The pipes which he employed to convey the gas from his apparatus consisted chiefly of lead, and only those parts which connected them with the burners were made of copper. His burners were Argands, jets, bat-swings, &c., similar to those now in use. He continued his exhibitions in Pall-Mall for several years; he was constantly soliciting the public, by advertisements and pamphlets, to attend to and patronize his plans, and events have proved that his exertions were not ineffective.'

We extract a few more particulars relative to gas-lighting at Birmingham:—

'Early in the year 1806, Mr. Josiah Pemberton, a very intelligent and ingenious man, having employed himself for some time before in the contrivance and construction of gas apparatus, exhibited the gas lights in a variety of forms, and with great brilliance, at the front of his manufactory, in one of the principal streets of Birmingham. His apparatus was very simple in its construction and arrangement, and consisted of a cast-iron vessel, similar in form to a common cottage pot. It would contain from fifteen to thirty pounds of coal, and was

set in brick-work in the same manner as a common boiler. A strong cover was fitted to its top, to which the pipe was attached to convey the gas as it was produced. The gas passed through a square cistern, which contained water; and this cistern was divided by several partitions, so adjusted that the gas was obliged to ascend and descend in its passage through the water, to be well condensed and washed before it arrived at the gasometer, which was suspended by means of a weight in a large wooden vat. The pipes which conducted the gas to the burners, were made of tinned iron or copper, and the burners varied as they were intended for lighting, or for soldering. The first that he erected in the way of business was for Mark Saunders, Esq., an eminent button manufacturer, and its purpose was not only to light his manufactory, but also to afford the necessary heat for soldering the shanks of buttons. It so completely attained its objects that it has been in constant use ever since, and has required very few repairs. In the same and the following year he also erected several others, on a similar plan, for different individuals in Birmingham and its vicinity, and one of them for I. Spooner, Esq. and Co., at Park Mill, to light the works, where it has been continually and successfully employed for twenty years, and now remains in its original form.'

'Mr. Pemberton had not only a taste for philosophical and chemical pursuits, but he possessed great fertility of invention, as well as much practical skill as a mechanic; and what he devised he could adroitly and admirably execute. In every branch of science he was in the habit of making experiments, and, among others, coal gas had engaged his particular attention. From his general knowledge of the manufactures of Birmingham, he was soon aware of the variety of useful purposes to which coal-gas might be applied. Early in the year 1808 he constructed and fixed an apparatus, that was applicable to several uses, for Mr. Benjamin Cook, a manufacturer of brass tubes, gilt toys, and other articles, in which a great deal of soldering was required. This answered its end so well that Mr. Cook gave an account of it in Nicholson's Journal, but without naming the person who had the merit of contriving and erecting it. In the course of the same year he erected several others, for different manufacturers, and to serve for various purposes; but soon after this he discontinued the business of manufacturing gas apparatus. As he was always readily communicative of the knowledge he possessed, he enabled others to avail themselves of his acquisitions and inventions, so that they sometimes converted them to their own advantage, and took to themselves the merit that was due to him. But how often has artful effrontery, or unfeeling selfishness, obtained the applause, and secured the reward, which talents and virtue only ought to have received! In the year 1809, Mr. Pemberton furnished an ironmonger of London with much valuable information relative to gas-lighting; and there is some reason to presume that this person was the first in the metropolis who made it a profitable object of speculation.'

With respect to the efforts that have been made for the effectual purification of coal-gas, it is stated:—

'In the greater number of inventions, the object has been the effective application of lime, either in a dry state, or mixed with water to the consistence of cream; but the vessels for this operation have greatly varied, either in form



or construction. As early as 1811, Mr. Clegg had introduced a separate machine for purifying coal gas, but that which is included in his patent he called the Semi-fluid Lime Machine, from its object being to purify the gas by means of cream of lime. The outside case of this machine was constructed in the form of a large hopper, the upper part of which was an oblong square, and in this part the trough was fixed that contained the semi-fluid mixture. A strong shaft or spindle passed horizontally through its whole length, and to this shaft a number of arms or paddles were attached, so that, by means of the motion given by a winch, the mixture could be constantly agitated while the gas was passing through it. When the mixture was saturated, and required to be changed, the vessel had a contrivance by which it was inverted, and its contents fell into the hopper beneath, to pass away through a large pipe affixed to the bottom of it, and conveyed into a vault below, whence it might be readily removed. This was obviously a great improvement upon all the methods which had previously been employed for the purification of coal gas; for, by keeping the semi-fluid mixture continually in motion, every part of it was exposed, that it might come into contact with the gas, and by its chemical action deprive it of those noxious substances and impurities that were mixed with it, and had a tendency to be productive of inconvenience by their odours, or, if inhaled, might be injurious to health.

For the proceedings touching the London and Westminster Oil Gas Bill, which, we believe were printed by the company for private use, and have never before been given to the public, we refer our readers to the work itself; they will be found exceedingly interesting and elucidatory. The following descriptions of Mr. Crosley's *Tell Tale, Pressure Indicator*, and *Impure Gas Detector* are also presented to the world for the first time; Mr. Matthews having obtained from the inventor a privilege which has been denied to every philosophical journal. These are circumstances which Mr. Matthews modestly abstains from mentioning, much as they increase the value and interest of this useful little volume, but which we, in justice to the novelty and importance of its contents, cannot refrain from making public.

In the course of this and the preceding year Mr. Crosley constructed two very useful machines to be employed in gas works. The first was a large gas meter for the purpose of measuring the whole of the gas which was made; and their construction admits of their being of such a scale of magnitude as to measure thirty or forty thousand cubic feet per hour. In order to show the quantity of gas produced from the retorts every hour, he fitted to the gasometer an ingenious contrivance, which he denominated a Tell-tale, and this constantly acts as a check upon the operations of the workmen both by day and by night. From its affording the proprietors a regular and continuous account of the number of cubic feet of gas produced, its great utility must be obvious; and besides its operating as an incentive to the workmen in the discharge of their duty, its indications enable them to notice the quality of the coal which may be carbonized. Mr. Lowe first employed this machine at the Chartered Gas Works in 1823.

The other contrivance of Mr. Crosley he designated a Pressure Indicator. The object of

this apparatus is for registering the actual pressure of the gas at the main outlet; and it also indicates the most minute variations with the precise time when they occur during the whole of the operations, both by day and by night. As a person is employed at some establishments solely for the purpose of superintending and regulating the supply of gas, this machine affords an effectual check upon his conduct in this respect at all times. This useful apparatus consists of a small gasometer, the interior of which communicates with the gas main by a small tube. By means of an air vessel within this gasometer it is made to float when down at its lowest immersion, so that in this situation its interior is in equilibrium with the external atmosphere, and by the increase of the pressure of the gas in the main it is forced to rise gradually to its highest elevation, thus producing a regular scale, about twelve inches in length, and equal to the pressure of a column of water of one inch and a half. To a guide-rod on the top of this gasometer a pencil-holder is attached with a small spring to give the pencil a slight bearing upon the paper, which is properly prepared for registering the pressure. This paper is divided horizontally by division lines adapted to one tenth of an inch of pressure through the whole extent of the rise of the gasometer; and it is also divided vertically by hour lines, in order to point out the time. The paper thus prepared is folded round and attached to a cylinder, which is connected with and moved by a time piece; hence the line described by the pencil, as the cylinder moves the paper, shows at once the degree of pressure, and denotes the time. This admirable contrivance was first used by Mr. Lowe in 1824, at the Chartered Gas Works.

A very simple, but ingenious apparatus has lately been contrived by Mr. Crosley for the purpose of registering the impurities which may remain in the gas. It consists of a circular card which is placed upon an axis communicating with a time-piece. Three circles are described upon the card, and the circles are divided into twenty-four divisions, by lines drawn from the centre to the circumference, corresponding with the number of hours of day and night, and numbered accordingly. The two largest circles are made of equal breadth, and occupy the outer space of the card; these are covered with a solution of the tests usually employed to detect sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia; and by means of a pipe which has two orifices adapted to each of the circles, a very small jet of gas is made to play constantly upon the tests. The spaces in the inner circle are marked from one to twelve for day, and one to twelve for night, and as the time-piece moves the card by its revolution, the impurities (if any exist) are registered, and the precise time when they occur. As these cards are to be daily changed, a perpetual account may be kept of the state of the gas.

We quote the concluding remarks of Mr. Matthews:—

In the preceding pages an attempt has been made to arrange, as nearly as possible in the order of time, the principal facts and inventions connected with the rise and progress of the art of gas-lighting. To estimate the many advantages which have resulted from its introduction would, perhaps, be impracticable; for, independently of the pleasantness and utility of its light, it has given a most important impulse to several branches of our national manufactures. The erection and adaptation of the numerous large works for its purposes have furnished em-

ployment to a large mass of our industrious population, and, at the same time, they have afforded many incentives to the exercise of ingenuity. But it has benefited the iron trade to an incalculable extent; and it has also occasioned a great consumption of metals of other kinds. Its operations have given rise to a large and flourishing branch of manufacture, by the demand for tubing, burners, and various other articles which that part of its processes has rendered necessary; and it may not be unworthy of remark, that to no part of the nation has it been of more service in this respect than the town of Birmingham and its vicinity, where gas-lighting and its advantages were first publicly displayed. The spirit of enterprise which has marked its career reflects honour on our country; and notwithstanding so much has been effected, the art is probably very far from that perfection which it may attain at some future period. It is fair to presume that the present meritorious endeavours widely to diffuse useful knowledge, will have an appropriate influence upon that class of men who are more immediately engaged in gas operations, and enable them to add to the number of its improvements. And from the continual increase of establishments for gas-lighting, it seems not an improbable supposition that its use, as a medium of light, will ultimately become universal.

There is an appendix to this volume, consisting of very scarce and valuable documents, the collection of which must have cost great labour and research.

*Tom Raw, the Griffin; a Burlesque Poem, in twelve Cantos, illustrated by twenty-five Engravings.* By a Civilian and an Officer on the Bengal Establishment. 8vo. London. 1828. Ackermann.

THAT we have derived much amusement from the perusal of this volume, we will not attempt to deny, nor do we hesitate to affirm that for many it contains much useful information—information which the traveller would reject, as of too insignificant a character for his tour or his oriental sketches, but which the woeful experience of those who have suffered from its absence teaches them to regard in a very different light. It will be the future Griffin's own fault, if, with the history of Tom Raw in his travelling chest, he does not escape many a ludicrous predicament into which he must otherwise have of necessity fallen. We shall not attempt to analyse the various mishaps and amusing adventures of the hero, which, to do them justice, would require longer extracts than the press of more important matter will permit us to make. Suffice it to say, that the author displays a very intimate acquaintance with his subject, that he evidently possesses acute powers of observation, and that his talents for description are at once forcible and vivacious.

This we believe is pretty nearly all we can say in favour of Mr. Thomas Raw, and our public duty now obliges us to turn to his defects, which are certainly more numerous and grave than we could desire. Our first complaint is against the illustrations, the number of which renders them objects of importance, and consequently of more particular criticism than book-plates are generally considered. That they convey a pretty



faithful notion of East India manners and scenery we allow, but we cannot in conscience pronounce them either well drawn or very humorous. The human figures throughout the whole are but so so; while, in some particular instances, (e. g. Tom wounded, and the queer-looking mortals fighting in the back ground;) they are really very bad. In the plate, too, descriptive of the ferocity of the tiger, the figure intended as the representative of that terrific animal, is a perfect libel on the noble original. It looks like a stuffed tom cat. We observe that one or two of the plates are by a different hand—we would venture to say that of Alken.

Our objections to the literary department are, first, the extreme length of the poem—twelve long cantos, containing, in the whole, 6596 lines—enough to weary the most valiant reader, not to mention the poor critic. Secondly, we object to the Spenserian measure, which is adopted on this occasion, and which we think is the legitimate vehicle of serious and dignified poetry. Occasionally, indeed, as has been sufficiently proved by Byron, Beattie, and Thompson, it may be employed for humorous, and especially satirical purposes. But then there is a difference between the use of it for twelve cantos and merely a few stanzas, beyond which the authorities we have quoted, with all their wonderful powers, never ventured to employ it. In *Don Juan*, for example, where the lively and the humorous was destined to predominate, Byron resorted to the ottava rima. It must be obvious to the least observant in such matters that the difficulties which the Spenserian stanza presents are many, and by no means to be easily overcome; the *Alexandrine*, too, with which it terminates, is particularly unfriendly to humorous expression. Our third and last complaint is, that there is a very serious abundance of rhymes, which the laws of poetry, in their utmost license, cannot possibly tolerate—a defect, indeed, naturally arising out of the absurd restraint which the author has imposed upon himself, and which we have just alluded to.

*The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.* By HENRY HALLAM. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1827. Murray.

WE have observed with satisfaction the increased taste for historical investigation which distinguishes the present era; and in our frequent notices of important works of history, have been anxious not only to foster and extend such taste, but properly to direct its application. It was this feeling which occasioned and justified our elaborate reviews of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* (vide No. 381. et. seq.) exhibiting a faithful collation of the original MSS., with all the suppressed passages, and enriched with the unpublished notes of Bishop Warburton; of Godwin's *History of the Commonwealth*; of Turner's *History of Henry VIII.*, &c. To these volumes we felt real pleasure in directing the attention of our readers; nor do we experience a less degree of gratification in requesting them to take with us a general sur-

vey of Mr. Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*. In this gentleman's work on the history of Europe during the middle ages, the origin and progress of the English constitution down to the extinction of the house of Plantagenet, was developed with great judgment and ability, and in the present the constitutional history of our country is carried forward with no inferior display of taste and industrious research. In both, the reader encounters the uncompromising honesty of the impartial historian, and the philosopher's patient ardour of investigation. The style, too, unites in some degree the elegance of Turner with the energy of Godwin, and if not always invested with the masculine attributes of the latter, it at least never offends us with the occasional inflation of language and strained sentimentality of the first. Passing over the opening chapters which treat of the English constitution from Henry the Seventh to Mary,—the English church under Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, and the laws of Elizabeth's reign respecting the Roman Catholics and the Protestant non-conformists,—we arrive at a portion of the first volume, not more interesting, but more extractable—the civil government of Elizabeth—

‘Elizabeth ascended the throne with all the advantages of a very extended authority. Though the jurisdiction actually exerted by the court of Star-chamber could not be vindicated according to statute-law, it had been so well established as to pass without many audible murmurs. Her progenitors had intimidated the nobility; and if she had something to fear at one season from this order, the fate of the Duke of Norfolk, and of the rebellious earls in the north, put an end for ever to all apprehension from the feudal influence of the aristocracy. There seems no reason to believe that she attempted a more absolute power than her predecessors; the wisdom of her counsellors, on the contrary, led them generally to shun the more violent measures of the late reigns; but she certainly acted upon many of the precedents they had bequeathed her, with little consideration of their legality. Her own remarkable talents, her masculine intrepidity, her readiness of wit and royal deportment, which the bravest men unaffectedly dreaded, her temper of mind above all, at once fiery and inscrutably dissembling, would in any circumstances have ensured her more real sovereignty than weak monarchs, however nominally absolute, can ever enjoy or retain. To these personal qualities was added the co-operation of some of the most diligent and circumspect, as well as the most sagacious counsellors that any prince has employed; men as unlikely to loose from their grasp the least portion of that authority which they found themselves to possess, as to excite popular odium by an unusual or misplaced exertion of it.’

To this sketch of Elizabeth's character, we append Mr. Hallam's illustration of the judicial iniquities of her reign, in the case of Stubbe, the puritan lawyer, who wrote a pamphlet against her intended marriage with the Duke of Anjou:—

‘It will be in the recollection of most of my readers that, in the year 1579, Elizabeth exposed herself to much censure and ridicule, and inspired the justest alarm in her most faithful subjects, by entertaining, at the age of forty-

six, the proposals of this young scion of the house of Valois. Her council, though several of them, in their deliberations, had much inclined against the preposterous alliance, yet in the end, displaying the compliance usual with the servants of self-willed princes, agreed, “conceiving, as they say, her earnest disposition for this her marriage,” to further it with all their power. Sir Philip Sidney, with more real loyalty, wrote her a spirited remonstrance, which she had the magnanimity never to resent. But she poured her indignation on Stubbe, who, not entitled to use a private address, had ventured to arouse a popular cry in his “Gaping Gulph, in which England will be swallowed up by the French Marriage.” This pamphlet is very far from being what some have ignorantly or unjustly called it, a virulent libel, but written in a sensible manner, and with unfeigned loyalty and affection towards the queen. But besides the main offence of addressing the people on state affairs, he had, in the simplicity of his heart, thrown out many allusions proper to hurt her pride, such as dwelling too long on the influence her husband would acquire over her, and imploring that she would ask her physicians, whether to bear children at her years would not be highly dangerous to her life. Stubbe for writing this pamphlet received sentence to have his right hand cut off. When the penalty was inflicted, taking off his hat with his left, he exclaimed, “Long live Queen Elizabeth!” Burleigh, who knew that his fidelity had borne so rude a test, employed him afterwards in answering some of the popish libellers.

‘There is no room for wonder at any verdict that could be returned by a jury, when we consider what means the government possessed of securing it. The sheriff returned a pannel, either according to express directions, of which we have proofs, or to what he judged himself of the crown's intention and interest. If a verdict had gone against the prosecution in a matter of moment, the jurors must have laid their account with appearing before the Star-chamber; lucky if they should escape, on humble retraction, with sharp words instead of enormous fines and indefinite imprisonment. The control of this arbitrary tribunal bound down and rendered impotent all the minor jurisdictions. That primæval institution, those inquests by twelve true men, the unadulterated voice of the people, responsible alone to God and their conscience, that should have been heard in the sanctuaries of justice, as fountains springing fresh from the lap of earth, became, like waters constrained in their course by art, stagnant and impure. Until this weight that hung upon the constitution should be taken off, there was literally no prospect of enjoying with security those civil privileges which it held forth.’

On the subject of the marriage, Mr. Hallam quotes Dr. Lingard, whom he considers as having fully established (what indeed was beyond all reasonable dispute.) Elizabeth's passion for Anjou. Dr. L. contends that those who believed the matter to have been mere policy, cannot have consulted the original documents. Mr. H. observes—

‘It was altogether repugnant to sound policy. Persons, the jesuit, indeed, says, in his famous libel, *Leicester's Commonwealth*, written not long after this time, that it would have been “honourable, convenient, profitable, and needful:” which every honest Englishman would interpret by the rule of contraries. Sussex wrote indeed to the queen in favour of the



marriage; (Lodge, ii. 177;) and Cecil undoubtedly professed to favour it; but this must have been out of obsequiousness to the queen. It was a habit of this minister to set down briefly the arguments on both sides of a question, sometimes in parallel columns, sometimes successively; a method which would seem too formal in our age, but tending to give himself and others a clearer view of the case. He has done this twice in the present instance; Murden, 322, 331; and it is evident that he does not, and cannot, answer his own objections to the match. When the council waited on her with this resolution in favour of the marriage, she spoke sharply to those whom she believed to be against it. Yet the treaty went on for two years, her coquetry in this strange delay breeding her, as Walsingham wrote from Paris, "greater dishonour than I dare commit to paper." Strype's Annals, iii. 2. That she ultimately broke it off, must be ascribed to the suspiciousness and irresolution of her character, which, acting for once conjointly with her good understanding, overcame a disgraceful inclination.

With respect to the restrictions to which the press was subjected under the government of Elizabeth, we find the following particulars:—

"It is natural to suppose, that a government thus arbitrary and vigilant must have looked with extreme jealousy on the diffusion of free inquiry through the press. The trades of printing and bookselling, in fact, though not absolutely licensed, were always subject to a sort of peculiar superintendence. Besides protecting the copyright of authors, the council frequently issued proclamations to restrain the importation of books, or to regulate their sale. It was penal to utter, or so much as to possess, even the most learned works on the Catholic side; or if some connivance was usual in favour of educated men, the utmost strictness was used in suppressing that light infantry of literature, the smart and vigorous pamphlets, with which the two parties arrayed against the church assaulted her opposite flanks. Stowe, the well-known chronicler of England, who lay under suspicion of an attachment to popery, had his library searched by warrant, and his unlawful books taken away; several of which were but materials for his work. Whitgift, in this as in every other respect, aggravated the rigour of preceding times. At his instigation, the Star chamber, in 1585, published ordinances for the regulation of the press. The preface to these recites enormities and abuses of disorderly persons professing the art of printing and selling books to have more and more increased in spite of the ordinances made against them, which it attributes to the inadequacy of the penalties hitherto inflicted. Every printer therefore is enjoined to certify his presses to the Stationers' Company, on pain of having them defaced, and suffering a year's imprisonment. None to print at all under similar penalties, except in London, and one in each of the two universities. No printer who has only set up his trade within six months to exercise it any longer, nor any to begin it in future, until the excessive multitude of printers be diminished, and brought to such a number as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London, for the time being, shall think convenient; but whenever any addition to the number of master printers shall be required, the Stationers' Company shall select proper persons to use that calling with the approbation of the

ecclesiastical commissioners. None to print any book, matter, or thing whatsoever, until it shall have been first seen, perused, and allowed by the Archbishop of Canterbury or Bishop of London, except the queen's printer, to be appointed for some special service, or law printers, who shall require the license only of the chief justices. Every one selling books printed contrary to the intent of this ordinance to suffer three months' imprisonment. The Stationers' Company empowered to search houses and shops of printers and booksellers, and to seize all books printed in contravention of this ordinance, to destroy and deface the presses, and to arrest and bring before the council those who shall have offended therein."

We now arrive at some curious anecdotes of the *private* business which the designing Burleigh delighted to perform:—

"Those whose curiosity has led them to somewhat more acquaintance with the details of English history under Elizabeth than the pages of Camden or Hume will afford, cannot but have been struck with the perpetual interference of men in power with matters of private concern. I am far from pretending to know how far the solicitations for a prime minister's aid and influence may extend at present. Yet one may think that he would hardly be employed, like Cecil, where he had no personal connexion, in reconciling family quarrels, interceding with a landlord for his tenant, or persuading a rich citizen to bestow his daughter on a young lord. We are sure, at least, that he could not use the air of authority upon such occasions. The vast collection of Lord Burleigh's letters in the Museum is full of such petty matters, too insignificant, for the most part, to be mentioned even by Strype. They exhibit, however, collectively, a curious view of the manner in which England was managed, as if it had been the household and estate of a nobleman under a strict and prying steward. We are told that the relaxation of this minister's mind was to study the state of England and the pedigrees of its nobility and gentry; of these last he drew whole books with his own hands, so that he was better versed in descents and families than most of the heralds, and would often surprise persons of distinction at his table by appearing better acquainted with their manors, parks, and woods, than themselves. Such knowledge was not sought by the crafty Cecil for mere diversion's sake. It was a main part of his system to keep alive in the English gentry a persuasion that his eye was upon them. No minister was ever more exempt from that false security which is the usual weakness of a court. His failing was rather a bias towards suspicion and timidity; there were times, at least, in which his strength of mind seems to have almost deserted him, through sense of the perils of his sovereign and country. But those perils appear less to us, who know how the vessel outrode them, than they could do to one harassed by continual informations of those numerous spies whom he employed both at home and abroad. The one word of Burleigh's policy was prevention; and this was dictated by a consciousness of wanting an armed force or money to support it, as well as by some uncertainty as to the public spirit, in respect at least of religion. But a government that directs its chief attention to prevent offences against itself is in its very nature incompatible with that absence of restraint, that immunity from suspicion, in which civil liberty, as a tangible possession, may be said to exist. It appears

probable that Elizabeth's administration carried too far, even as a matter of policy, this precautionary system upon which they founded the penal code against popery: and we may surely point to a contrast very advantageous to our modern constitution, in the lenient treatment which the Jacobite faction experienced from the princes of the house of Hanover. She reigned, however, in a period of real difficulty and danger. At such seasons few ministers will abstain from arbitrary actions, except those who are not strong enough to practise them."

Passing from Elizabeth to James I., we find the court of the latter pronounced incomparably the most disgraceful scene of profligacy which this country has ever witnessed; equal to that of Charles II., in the laxity of female virtue, and without any sort of parallel in some other respects. Even gross drunkenness is imputed to some of the ladies who acted in the court pageants, 'which,' observes Mr. Hallam, 'Mr. Gifford who seems absolutely enraptured with this age and its manners, might as well have remembered.' With respect to James himself, the historian quotes a speech which he addressed to the Star-chamber in 1616, and in which he asserts that 'it is atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do; good Christians content themselves with his will revealed in his word; so it is presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do, or to say that a king cannot do this or that.' 'It is probable,' continues Mr. H., 'that his familiar conversation was full of this rhodomontade, disgusting and contemptible, from so wretched a pedant, as well as offensive to the indignant ears of those who knew and valued their liberties.' We are sorry that we cannot enter more deeply into Mr. Hallam's just and well-considered view of the disposition and government of James. Equally do we regret our inability to quote largely from the admirable chapters devoted to the eventful reign of the first Charles; but the philosophical and liberal estimate of that unfortunate monarch's character, cannot be denied a place in our columns:—

'In discussing each particular transaction in the life of Charles, as of any other sovereign, it is required by the truth of history to spare no just animadversion upon his faults; especially where much art has been employed by the writers most in repute to carry the stream of public prejudice in an opposite direction. But when we come to a general estimate of his character, we should act unfairly not to give their full weight to those peculiar circumstances of his condition in this worldly scene, which tend to account for and extenuate his failings. The station of kings is, in a moral sense, so unfavourable, that those who are least prone to servile admiration should be on their guard against the opposite error of an uncandid severity. There seems no fairer method of estimating the intrinsic worth of a sovereign, than to treat him as a subject, and judge, so far as the history of his life enables us, what he would have been in that more private and happier condition, from which the chance of birth has excluded him. Tried by this test, we cannot doubt that Charles the First would have been not altogether an amiable man, but one deserving of general esteem; his firm and conscientious virtues the same, his deviations



from right far less frequent, than upon the throne. It is to be pleaded for this prince, that his youth had breathed but the contaminated air of a profligate and servile court, that he had imbibed the lessons of arbitrary power from all who surrounded him, that he had been betrayed by a father's culpable blindness into the dangerous society of an ambitious unprincipled favourite. To have maintained so much correctness of morality as his enemies confess, was a proof of Charles's virtuous dispositions; but his advocates are compelled also to own, that he did not escape as little injured by the poisonous adulation to which he had listened. Of a temper by nature, and by want of restraint, too passionate, though not vindictive; and, though not absolutely cruel, certainly deficient in gentleness and humanity, he was entirely unfit for the very difficult station of royalty, and especially for that of a constitutional king. It is impossible to excuse his violations of liberty on the score of ignorance, especially after the petition of right; because his impatience of opposition from his council made it unsafe to give him any advice that thwarted his determination. His other great fault was want of sincerity—a fault that appeared in all parts of his life, and from which no one who has paid the subject any attention will pretend to exculpate him. Those indeed who know nothing but what they find in Hume, may believe, on Hume's authority, that the king's contemporaries never dreamed of imputing to him any deviation from good faith; as if the whole conduct of the parliament had not been evidently founded upon a distrust, which, on many occasions, they very explicitly declared. But, so far as this insincerity was shown in the course of his troubles, it was a failing which untoward circumstances are apt to produce, and which the extreme hypocrisy of many among his adversaries might sometimes palliate. Few personages in history, we should recollect, have had so much of their actions revealed, and commented upon, as Charles; it is, perhaps, a mortifying truth, that those who have stood highest with posterity have seldom been those who have been most accurately known.

The turn of his mind was rather peculiar, and laid him open with some justice to very opposite censures—for an extreme obstinacy in retaining his opinion, and for an excessive facility in adopting that of others. But the apparent incongruity ceases when we observe that he was tenacious of ends, and irresolute as to means; better fitted to reason than to act; never swerving from a few main principles, but diffident of his own judgment in its application to the course of affairs. His chief talent was an acuteness in dispute; a talent not usually much exercised by kings, but which the strange events of his life called into action. He had, unfortunately for himself, gone into the study most fashionable in that age, of polemical theology; and, though not at all learned, had read enough of the English divines to maintain their side of the current controversies with much dexterity. But this unkingly talent was a poor compensation for the continual mistakes of his judgment in the art of government, and the conduct of his affairs.

Our closing specimen of this invaluable history is from the reign of Charles II.; and we choose it on account of the novel (and, we confess, to us unwelcome,) light in which it exhibits the character of Algernon Sidney. Mr. Hallam believes this illustrious man to have been one of those leading members of

opposition, among whom Barillon distributed the gratuities of the French king, and thus forcibly supports that opinion:—

'If indeed we were to read, that Algernon Sidney had been bought over by Louis XIV. or Charles II. to assist in setting up absolute monarchy in England, we might fairly oppose our knowledge of his inflexible and haughty character, of his zeal, in life and death, for republican liberty. But there is, I presume, some moral distinction between the acceptance of a bribe to desert or betray our principles, and that of a trifling present for acting in conformity to them. The one is, of course, to be styled corruption; the other is repugnant to a generous and delicate mind, but too much sanctioned by the practice of an age far less scrupulous than our own, to have carried with it any great self-reproach or sense of degradation. It is truly inconceivable that men of such property as Sir Thomas Littleton or Mr. Foley should have accepted 300 or 500 guineas, the sums mentioned by Barillon, as the price of apostasy from those political principles to which they owed the esteem of their country, or of an implicit compliance with the dictates of France. It is sufficiently disgraceful to the times in which they lived, that that they should have accepted so pitiful a gratuity; unless, indeed, we should in candour resort to an hypothesis which seems tenable, that they agreed among themselves not to run the chance of offending Louis, or exciting his distrust, by a refusal of this money. Sidney, indeed, was, as there is reason to think, a distressed man; he had formerly been in connection with the court of France, and had persuaded himself that the countenance of that power might one day or other be afforded to his darling scheme of a commonwealth; he had contracted a dislike to the Prince of Orange, and consequently to the Dutch alliance, from the same governing motive: is it strange that one so circumstanced should have accepted a small gratification from the King of France, which implied no dereliction of his duty as an Englishman, or any sacrifice of political integrity? And I should be glad to be informed by the idolaters of Algernon Sidney's name, what we know of him from authentic and contemporary sources which renders this incredible. "No man of common sense, I imagine," says Lord John Russell, "can believe that he took the money for himself. His character is one of heroic pride and generosity. His declining to sit in judgment on the king, his extolling the sentence when Charles II. was restored, his shooting a horse for which Louis XIV. offered him a large sum, that he might not submit to the will of a despot, are all traits of a spirit as noble as it is uncommon. With a soul above meanness, a station above poverty, and a temper of philosophy above covetousness, what man will be envious enough to think that he was a pensioner in France?"

'I must fairly confess that, in my opinion, all those who believe that Sidney took the money at all, believe that he took it for himself; and notwithstanding this high eulogium, I adhere to the reasoning in my text. The noble descendant of Lord Russell, equal to him in candour and virtue, but far superior in talents, has lost sight, I must take leave to say, of his usual good sense and good taste in mentioning with praise the idle story of Sidney's shooting his horse. It was such an action as Alderman Sawbridge or Mr. Thomas Brand Hollis would have thought very fine; but which, on a moment's thought, Lord John Russell would see

in its true light, as a piece of vulgar brutality, unworthy of Sidney's character and station, and most unlikely to be true. He was a republican, no doubt, and wished to see such a form of government established at home; but it was a Roman senator, with no bigoted abhorrence of kings, or cosmopolite zeal. Nor was Louis XIV., as Lord John well knows, a Muley Molock, who would have taken away a gentleman's horse by violence. The truth is, that Sidney was a little too much disposed towards that great monarch; and would, I have no question, have been most happy both to oblige his majesty and to pocket the pistoles. But it has been the fashion for a long time (chiefly, I am persuaded, through the delusion of the ear, the name of Algernon Sidney having so specious a sound) to exaggerate his merits, so that even those who are best able to form an estimate of them are carried away; and I have no doubt that such as know very little will be dissatisfied with what I have said of their idol.'

In our notice of this very superior work, we have sought rather to lay before our readers a few striking specimens of the historian's style, than to point out the many new and interesting views which he has taken of the nature and progress of the laws and institutions of our country,—all the variations of which, throughout the long period of which his volumes treat, have been minutely marked, and are powerfully described. For clear and strong judgment, the most evident and unimpeachable impartiality,—for strength of reasoning and fascination of style, this constitutional History of England will take its place among the most justly esteemed productions of any age or country.

*The Foreign Quarterly Review: No. II.*  
Truettel & Co.

THIS publication has appeared so late in the week, that we have been merely able to glance at a few of the articles, among which that on the life and writings of Ernst Schulze (whose Bezauberte Rose has always been a favourite poem of ours); one on Balbi's Ethnographical Atlas, and those on Southern Germany; Manzoni's Italian novel, *I Promessi Sposi*; Modern German Tragedy, and Russian literature, will prove most generally attractive. There are two or three historical subjects, and of these the notice of Daru's History of Brittany, although shorter than we should have expected on a subject so intimately connected with our own annals, is fraught with interest. Of the articles on the Progress of Metaphysics in Germany; on the Refractive and Dispersive Powers of Glass and Achromatic Telescopes; on the Productive and Commercial Powers of France; on Catholicism in Siberia; and on the History of the Astronomy of the eighteenth century, we do not profess to speak, as it would be impossible to judge fairly of them without a very attentive perusal. The notice of the German Pocket Books for 1828, contains little more than a mere list of the subjects in sixteen of these publications, but as it occupies only five pages, and is withal useful both for present and future reference, we do not object to it. Upon the whole, we think that this number is more varied than its predecessor; yet, we are of opinion, that it would be more judicious to devote less space to such subjects



as that on Catholicism in Siberia, which alone occupies forty-five pages. Such papers appear to us rather intended to catch the mere English reader, than to satisfy those who look for information relative to continental literature. Along with this number is given a separate half sheet, entitled the Foreign Quarterly Review *versus* the Foreign Review; whether this will call forth a reply we know not, but we should question the policy of thus exciting the attention of the public to a rival journal. As to the merits of the case itself, we do not venture to offer any opinion on such a very debateable and delicate subject.

*The Anatomy of the Bones and Muscles, exhibiting the Parts as they appear on Dissection, and particularly in the Living Figure, as applicable to the Fine Arts.* Designed, for the use of Artists, by GEORGE SIMPSON, M. R. C. S. &c. London, 1827.

THE great tendency of the work before us, to advance the science of anatomy among students of the fine arts, is unquestionable. Mr. Simpson has delineated the bones in a manner that must call forth the praise both of the anatomist and artist; the muscles are carefully drawn from dissections on the recent subject, and we cannot but congratulate the profession on the appearance of a book that will form a similar standard among students in the fine arts, as those of Albinus or Lizars is among those of the medical profession. The engravings are beautifully drawn in lithography, by some of our best artists. The works which of late years have appeared, for the use of the artist, are, like those on many other branches of science, of very little use, from their size; and the minuteness with which the parts are described not only tend to retard the progress of the student by their prolixity, but also to perplex his ideas, and give him a dislike for that study which is so essential to a more perfect knowledge of his profession; viz. anatomy, which is unquestionably the basis of the fine arts, and is indispensable to the painter, the sculptor, and the engraver. It is to these branches what physic is to surgery,—of no value without the aid of each other, and both together frequently perform wonders. What can be more disgusting than to see the finest drapery defaced by an arm or a leg too long, or ridiculously foreshortened, and one muscle substituted for another; when the whole action of the body is deformed and indisposed by the ignorance of the artist.

*Ornithologia; or, the Birds: a Poem; with an Introduction to their Natural History, and Copious Notes.* By JAMES JENNINGS. 12mo. pp. 497. London, 1827. Poole and Edwards.

It requires not much reasoning to prove how fit a subject the works of God form for the untiring contemplation of man; for they yield the purest and most permanent sources of happiness; and the study of them must expand the mind, and correct and enlarge our ideas respecting them, and strengthen our love to that infinitely wise, powerful, and benevolent Being by whom they were made originally, and have been sustained through

successive ages. And of all those works, perhaps none are entitled to more admiration and attention than the different orders of creatures destined to 'fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.' The phenomena of birds, already noticed, are of an exceedingly curious and striking nature, and yet from the little light comparatively thrown on several points, it is evident ornithology has not obtained the consideration which it deserves. We were glad, therefore, some time ago, to witness the establishment of a Zoological Society, which is now in active operation, and we shall hope the measures of its supporters will be crowned with abundant success. Thus much information, at least, cannot fail being procured, which must lead to the increasing of our present knowledge.

To be ignorant of this subject is creditable to none; but, for young persons, we can scarcely conceive a field more engaging and edifying than the natural history of birds, their structure, and the various ways in which they display their intelligence. It is one from which lessons and maxims the most important may be deduced by wise and understanding parents and guardians.

Too often have books on ornithology, as on other subjects, been rather adapted for scientific than for general readers, much less youthful minds; and terms not understood by every one, and difficult of remembrance, have been generally used. Mr. Jennings has long turned his attention to the removing this impediment; and it is but honest to avow that, whether we consider the extent of information he has here collected, or the easy and unaffected style in which his work is written, our opinion is that it should obtain a place in the libraries of those who are seeking for themselves or their children a plain and full treatise on this interesting branch of study. Of the poetry itself we cannot speak so favourably as of the introduction and notes, but the whole performance merits our commendation.

*Wine and Spirit Adulterators unmasked, in a Treatise setting forth the Manner employed, and the various Ingredients which constitute the Adulterations and Impositions effected with the different Wines and Spirits offered to the Public, through the medium of cheap Prices, &c.* By One of the Old School. London, 1827. Robins and Co.

THIS is a copious and strong out-pouring of public spirit, by 'one of the old school,' a wine and spirit merchant, retired from business, with a competency acquired by fair trading, and with no feeling of pique as to the injury caused to his own pursuits by the system he feels it his duty to reprobate. We will not do the philanthropic writer so much injustice, as to suppose that (like Manton, the celebrated unmasker of the adulterators of bread and flour,) he has himself profited by the mal-practices which he denounces; on the contrary, we gladly give him all imaginable credit for purity of motive, and believe that his exposition may be of considerable service to the consumers of wine and spirits. Our readers would not

thank us for entering at length into the various arts by which numerous dealers in these commodities contrive to underrate their brethren, deceive the public, and enrich themselves. Statements, which appear to carry with them the evidence of their authenticity, and calculations, upon which apparently every reliance may be placed, are here advanced, and to such, in these pages, we refer all who are interested in the subject. The author's object has been to expose the fraudulent tricks by which certain advertisers are enabled to offer at extraordinary low prices, articles which he pronounces to be spurious and deleterious; and in support of the assertions contained in this exposition, he points triumphantly to the many convictions which have taken place under the excise laws, for adulteration and imposition of various kinds. And now arises the natural inquiry, 'how are we to avoid these evils?' Our author shall reply, though we cannot but regret that the answer is not more explicit, and particularly that we are not supplied with tests, by which the true nature of the article may be discovered:—

'From the facts and arguments alone, which I have submitted, I leave the public to gather some idea of the extent to which these fraudulent adulterations have been, and still are, practised, with the honest conviction, that should they appear of sufficient weight to induce many to apply where the genuine article is sold, at a moderate price, a more effectual stop would be put to this most unjustifiable system, than could, perhaps, be done by any other method whatever.'

*A Sermon Preached in the Cathedral Church of Wells, at the Anniversary Meeting of the Bath and Wells Diocesan School, on Tuesday, October 9th, 1827.* By GEORGE HENRY LAW, D.D.F.R. and F.A.S. Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells. London, 1827. J. Rodwell.

AN impressive discourse in which the duty of instructing the people, and the advantages derivable from education are dwelt upon with great earnestness and energy. We trust it will have the effect of relieving the institution the interests of which it advocates, from embarrassments which paralyse its exertions, and almost threaten it with dissolution. It occasions us equal regret and wonder, at a period when all acknowledge the propriety of enlarging the views, and improving the intellect of the great body of the people, those establishments which have proved themselves best calculated to effect these purposes, should be languishing for support.

*The Ambassador's Secretary: a Tale.* By JANE HERVEY, Author of Brougham Castle, &c. 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. A. K. Newman.

THERE is amusement and some diversity of character in this tale, though we cannot allow that the construction of the plot is very original, or the nomenclature of the characters introduced, very tasteful. The style is unambitious, and the narrative not encumbered by those prosing reflections which hang as dead-weights at the threshold of many novelists' chapters. Neither are there any impertinent attempts at describing scenery, stop-

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ping us midway in our career to hang over precipices, or recline beneath the shadow of umbrageous trees, or gaze Narcissus-like on some transparent pool;—thus unimpeded, we pursue the story at our ease, and follow with considerable interest the fortunes of the 'Ambassador's Secretary,' till they conclude in peace, competence, and matrimonial comfort.

## ORIGINAL.

## THE EXILED MINSTREL'S ELEGY.

My harp! my harp! thy sweetly soothing powers  
Are suited ill to such a clime as this;  
Thine own is one of sunshine and of flowers,  
Of love and song, of music and of bliss!  
Thy sounds were taught to breathe their magic feeling  
Beneath a sky, whose smile was ever warm;  
Whose aspect ne'er offended by revealing  
The threats or traces of a winter's storm.  
Not, as in this, where one eternal chill  
Blights each dear string my fingers tremble o'er;  
My harp! my harp! farewell thy dulcet thrill;  
I ne'er shall strike thee as I struck before!  
No more shall hear thee on the Arno's stream,  
When summer eves so tranquillize the air;  
It needeth not a poet's mind to deem  
That something heavenly is presiding there;  
As once I did—teaching my gentle art  
To one of Eve's most Eden-like of daughters,  
Pausing at times to press her to my heart,  
Along its flowery banks and moon lit waters.  
No, my loved mistress, I shall ne'er again  
Steal to thy lattice in my gondolet,  
To breathe to thee the tender signal strain  
That told the listening spirits when we met.  
Yet in thy dreams shouldst thou e'er think on me,  
Thou'lt hear my voice still round the night breeze twine;  
But do not wake—oh, no! for if there be  
A voice beneath thy lattice,—'tis not mine!  
Mute is the harp that broke thy virgin slumbers;  
Forgot the lay to which thy minstrel sang;—  
Forgot? and has my harp forgot those numbers?  
No, no, not yet—'twas thus the measure rang:  
The exile flung his hand across the chords—  
Breathed a few strains, but ah, their well-known tone  
Had drawn a tear—he could not sing the words—  
The faithful harp went through the lay alone!

SFORZA.

## LITERARY ILLUSIONS.

LITERARY illusions! Can there be illusions in literary affairs? In love affairs, every-day occurrences,—almost all the marriages which take place,—prove that we are continually deceived: we see angels at eighteen, nineteen, twenty, and upwards, in whom we are persuaded exist every grace, every virtue, every sweetness, that can compensate for the intricacies, artifices, and bitternesses of life; we would stake our existence upon their truth, their desire to please, and their ability to make us perfectly happy; to them we bend the knee, offer our worship, and sacrifice our liberty;—and eventually find that our persuasions are illusions; and our chief consolation is in reflecting, that we are liberal enough to conceive perfection to exist,

where none but those swayed by tender sensibilities could imagine any thing of the kind: our experience also teaches us, that there are women, angelic in their appearance, who can fascinate, conquer, and vow,—and laugh at our laws and our weaknesses. Such are the illusions of love! But in literature, if a man is deceived, who is to blame? None but himself. He knows his own depth, what he has learnt, what he has invented, and what he can perform. The pure treasures of literature are his own; he can dispense them at will; and the glorious field in which he can exercise his intellect expands in proportion to the fertility of his imagination. 'Here, then,' said I, upon finding some fading flowers, with which I had fondly bedizened a shrine to Hymen,—'here will I strike out a course according to my best judgment, dependent upon myself alone; its paths shall be adorned with the brilliancy of my fancy, and the mystic changes of humanity be illustrated by the ingenuity of my developments; then the world will admire the fruits of my labour, wealth will be at my command, and even contemporaries will unite in praising my immortal powers! Why, therefore,' said I, with feelings of past disappointments mingling with the glowing animations of hope, 'why should I look to others for happiness, when so much is within my own power?' These and similar reflections induced me to fix myself in my study, and, at the end of little more than fourteen days, I found myself in possession of an original manuscript, which, I had no doubt, would soon realize all I had promised myself. With this view I fixed upon a publisher of eminence, appointed a meeting, showed him my volume, and requested he would usher it into the world; but he required a week to pass judgment upon the performance! A week! an eternity! 'Zounds,' said I, 'in America, an edition of five thousand would be printed and sold in half the time.'—'But, sir,' said he, with a sarcastical grin, beaming with self-complacency, 'we are not in America.' 'No,' said I, seizing my manuscript, 'nor, if we were, should you be benefited by my genius.'—'Sir,' replied he, very coolly, 'nor perhaps in England neither.'

My soul was fired, curses filled my heart,—but I silently put my work in my pocket, took a hasty leave, and, when I had reached a retired street, giving loose to my feelings, I stamped upon the pavement, as though I would fix it firmer in the earth. After a little of this stamping, I became more composed, reproved myself with my own maxim, and inquired whether this was the kind of happiness that was within my own power? I became calm, resolved to get my book printed myself, to consult no more publishers, but merely employ some bookseller to act as my agent. Consequently, I made a calculation of how many copies I should require, and formed an estimate of the probable number of purchasers, upon the following basis:—my particular friends and their friends could not take less than two hundred copies; among the one thousand members of the houses of Parliament, making due allowance for blockheads, there would be at

least two hundred men of taste—two hundred and two hundred are four hundred; I could not reckon less than two hundred intelligent men in the army and navy—six hundred; among the learned, viz. the clergy, the professors of law and medicine, and students in our various colleges and public establishments, as many as the peers, commons, army, and navy put together,—six hundred and six hundred are twelve hundred; the nobility, gentry, artists, and persons of this class, reckoning moderately, only five hundred out of the whole—seventeen hundred; four hundred would, most probably, be wanted for booksellers and persons not enumerated, and as many more to form a stock for exportation, &c.—altogether, for the first edition, about two thousand five hundred copies. This estimate, I felt persuaded, was clearly within the bounds of prudence; upon this scale I formed my arrangements, and I was recommended to a diligent printer, who soon put me into possession of two thousand five hundred volumes, which could not be surpassed for typographical elegance—nor, I may add, beauty of composition. Three hundred and forty pounds cleared these expenses, and I merely commissioned a bookseller to sell my work, and hand over the proceeds. Knowing the exorbitant profits of tradespeople, I did not reckon that my net returns would much exceed one thousand pounds. Eighteen months passed away, during which I watched the progress of the sale of my book; alas! it needed not close watching, it went on so slowly; and, would you believe it, out of the whole community I have enumerated, (although £50 was spent in advertising) not more than a hundred individuals could possibly have heard of my book—for not more than twenty copies were sold; and I determined not to give that away which every intelligent person ought to have purchased. You, sir, would perhaps wish to know the title of my book—but no, that shall be my own secret; but you may feel assured that the subject was well chosen, and the whole work replete with interesting beauties, set forth in the best style of classic purity. My entire disappointment originates in my impetuosity at the publishers; yes, a good publisher can sell any thing, even trash; oh! then, but for my impetuosity, how my work would have gone off! Now, sir, for the sake of living authors, I would wish you to publish this plain statement, to caution them against printing their own works; for, they may rely upon me, merit is nothing—a publisher every thing—a good publisher is a man who can command the minds and pockets of all the reading subjects in his Britannic majesty's dominions!

D. G.

## ABSENCE.

If adversity has its uses, so has absence,—though both are accompanied by considerable pain. It is only when we have passed through the ordeal of separation, that we know how to appreciate the worth from which we are divided; and are thoroughly sensible of the extent of every injury friends have experienced at our hands. In this respect, the results of a temporary separation,



are not unlike those of death itself: they give to every object the most beautiful and attractive shape, and invest them with the gentlest and most bewitching colours. Memory holds up her glass, and we recognize therein only the fair, the wise, the lovely, and the good. How inevitably is purification the effect of pain! how surely is affection heightened and increased by temporary absence! The cold, the sensual, the self-willed,—all are improved by having removed from them the beings on whom they have exercised their selfishness and tyranny. In the solitude of separation, the heart recoils upon itself, and, no longer misled by passion, or biassed by selfish injustice,—no longer the slave of gross appetites, (sacrificing all things for their gratification,) it looks back with remorse on the career it has heretofore pursued, and in the calmness of renovated feeling and honourable resolve, devotes itself not less to atonement for the past, than to forbearance for the future. W.

## ODE TO THE DEITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF AHAB.

O THOU, unseen, unknown,  
Whether on yonder mighty cloud,  
That girds the dimm'd sun like a shroud,  
Thou hast thy throne;  
Or where upon the snowy crest  
Of yon high mountain lies in rest  
The starry train;  
Or where the darkly-frowning wood  
Stands like a giant o'er the flood,  
My soul invokes thee—on the air  
Of midnight soars to thee my prayer;  
Let it not be in vain.  
If on the sun-lit hill or lowly plain,  
Or where at eve among the falling leaves,  
Hushing their slumber, falls the pattering rain;  
Or where the dark wave heaves,  
With flashing foam and sullen roar,  
Its huge length on the trembling shore,  
When day is drear;  
Or where the night winds, mournfully,  
Among the leafless poplars sigh,  
Thou dwellest,—thy suppliant hear.  
Let truth prevail through all the realms of man,  
Let each his proper interest see,  
At peace with all mankind to be,  
Nor dwindle out his span  
In useless wars, that desolate  
The fair green earth on which he stands,  
And bring upon his children hate,  
And blood-stain'd hands.  
No longer let the iron car  
Of merciless, unsparing war  
Trample down the grain that gives  
The food by which man purest lives.  
As snow-drops, melted by the sun,  
Rolling down the mountain's brow,  
Do but from their prison run  
To mingle in the lake below,  
So let the mass of human kind  
Be as one body—as one mind.  
What reasonable mind can doubt thy power?  
Art thou not visible to every eye?  
The earth puts forth the grass, the tree, the flower,  
And the wild bird to praise thee knows the hour.  
The insect, dust but yesterday,  
From its earthly trammels free,  
Winging over heaven its way,  
Hymns its tribute unto thee,  
Of purest praise.

And frolics through the hours of spring,  
With careless heart and roving wing,  
Though short its days.

Whilst man will waste long years away,  
Nor give to thee one little day.

E'en here I view in hill and dale,  
And silent lake and rushing stream,  
And trees, late green, with snow now pale,  
That thy existence is no dream.

In every leaf and blade, I see  
Deep proofs of thy reality;  
And of thy power, though winter now  
Clothes with frost the forest bough,  
'Tis but to give it strength to bear  
The summer's sun and parching air.

Bare is the walnut tree,  
And the horse chesnut's leaves decay,  
And the sycamore, and ash, and lime,  
Feel neath the silent hand of time  
Their greenness fade away.

Gone is the air-fed bird;  
Hush'd is the song the sky-lark sang;  
And where the thrush's music rang  
The robin's dirge is heard.

These will again revived be,  
And to man's gladden'd eyes  
Prove of thy power the immensity,  
Though now in doubt he lies.  
A mist may hide awhile the glorious sun;  
A cloud the radiant moon; a simple stone,  
Into the brook by passing idler thrown,  
The beauty of the waters as they run.  
The weakness or the darkness of the mind  
Unto thy presence make awhile man blind.  
But these will pass unconsciously away.  
The mist and cloud shall fade; the stone  
Down to its sandy bottom gone,  
In loveliness again the stream shall play,  
And the darkness of man's soul  
Before the light of Reason roll.

O, bount'ful art thou beyond compare:  
Thou givest the beast the field, the fish the sea,

The bird its dwelling in the calm sweet air,  
Beauty of plume, and song, and liberty;  
To man the whole beneath yon sky,  
Unask'd, thy gen'rous hand didst give;  
And me—what some would fain deny—  
The means to live.

The gift of poesy, an equal mind,  
And cheerfulness of heart to thee I owe;  
While thousands, how much worthier, of my kind

In darkness and foul superstition bow.  
Great is the benefit conferred by thee;  
These thou hast justly given unto me,  
In lieu of gold, which I might heed no more  
Than does the wave the sand upon the shore,  
Which it hath gathered in its idle play,  
But in some fitful mood to throw away.  
For this I thank thee. O, continue still  
Thy fostering care till life's long journey  
close;

Obedient be my soul unto thy will,  
And let no evil mar its last repose.

S. R. J.

UNPUBLISHED  
LETTERS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

(Concluded from p. 733,—completing the series.)

No. VII.

Castiglione del Stivere, 4th Thermidor,  
10 o'clock in the morning.

I AM sending off a courier to Paris, who will take despatches in passing. L'Epinois, who is just arrived, assures me that thy health is re-established. Notwithstanding all thy own accounts, his additional details fill me with

joy. Thou art once more in health, my adorable Josephine! and I burn with impatience to behold thee. He has also informed me that Dubayet and his amiable aides-de-camp are arrived at Milan. Thou must have received the courier I sent off this morning. Until the 7th, I shall reckon every minute, three days are still wanting to it! In the course of an hour I shall set out to inspect different posts of my army; and on the 7th, I know who will be most punctual to the rendezvous. Murat is ill; the goddess of the ball, Mme. Ruga, has had an intrigue with him. I have sent him to Breschia; he is enraged, and insists upon publishing his adventure in the newspapers. I beg you will communicate this to Joseph, and advise him not to disclose it to his Julia; of course he would be more prudent. Other individuals of *l'état-major* complain of Mme. Visconti. Good heavens, what a woman! what morals!—As to you, I congratulate you frankly, and without any pang at the heart. I am told that young Caulincourt visited you at eleven in the morning, and you do not rise till one! He came to speak to thee of his mother and sister, and of course must choose the most convenient hour. The heat is excessive; *my soul is on fire!* I begin to be convinced, that to keep one's health and senses, it is essential not to feel nor to have the happiness of knowing the adorable Josephine. Thy letters are cool; thy warmth of heart is not for me; but what do I say, I am the husband, of course another must be the lover; one must do like the rest of the world.—Wo be to him who presents himself to my view with the title of thy lover! But hold! I am surely jealous. Alas! I know not what I am! This, however, I know well, that without thee there is neither life nor happiness. Without thee, thou *understandest*, exclusively to myself. If thy heart can entertain a single sentiment that is not for me, or that I may not know, my whole life is poisoned, and stoicism is my only refuge. Tell me that... love me, receive from me a thousand imaginary kisses, and every assurance of unceasing affection.

On the 7th, at Breschia, is it not?

BONAPARTE.

To Madame Bonaparte, at Milan.

Alexandria, 10th Thermidor, 7th year  
of the Republic.

MY DEAR MAMA.—We are this moment arrived from Aboukir. The general is sending off a courier, and I have only time to write a few words. The Turks came down the 25th of last month, and we beat them completely on the 7th instant; a great part of the army was drowned; the remainder still keep in the fort of Aboukir, we are now bombarding them, and I hope it will not be long before they yield.

We have lost another comrade. I am myself very well, and I think of you incessantly. I am most anxious to hear from you. Adieu, they are sealing the despatches. My love to Hortensia, I have not time to write to her.

BEAUHARNAIS.

PS. Bourienne and Lavalette desire a



thousand compliments to you, with assurances of their sincere respect.

*A la Citoyenne Bonaparte,  
Rue de la Victoire, No. 6, à Paris.*

Martigny, 28 Floreal, 8th year  
of the Republic.

I HAVE been here now for three days, in the midst of Le Valais and the Alps, in a convent of Bernardin. The sun is never to be seen here, thou mayst therefore judge if it can be very agreeable. I like to hear thee grumble: thou who art in Paris, surrounded by good company, and almost every pleasure! The army is going towards Italy, we are at Aoste, but Mount St. Bernard presents many difficulties to surmount.

I have written to thee frequently: as to Mdlle. Hortensia, I will send her a letter when she grows a great lady, she is at present too young, we do not write to children.

Poor Mme. Lucai is then dead? She suffered terribly. Her husband must be in great trouble. I pity him sincerely. To lose his wife is to lose his happiness at least, if not his glory. A thousand kind regards to Hortensia, and a thousand loves to Josephine.

*A Madame Bonaparte. BONAPARTE.*

#### CONSUMPTION.

[A YOUNG lady, a few days previous to her death, declined with such distressing rapidity, that, lest she should be alarmed by the reflection of her person, as she already had been by the weak intonation of her voice, it was deemed necessary to remove all glasses from her view, —till accidentally beholding herself in a mirror, which had been left uncovered, she perceived that change which the author supposes to have produced the subjoined stanzas;—in three days afterwards she died.]

Alas! Floretta, where is flown

The flush of health they told thee beamed,

Can this wan aspect be thine own,

So beautiful as once 'twas deemed?

Oh, yes! this mirror dares to tell

The truth affection feared to say,

And in my voice I hear a knell

That warns my parting soul away.

What rapid change disease has made

Since last I gazed on this young face,

As if 'twere anxious to abrade

The little bloom I once could trace.

Ah, now I see why friends have started,

Unable their surprise to screen,

And why they pressed me, when we parted,

As if for ever it had been.

I know, I feel that I must die,—

The paleness of my hollow cheek,

The languor of my sunken eye,

My features, dissolution speak.

Already life has fled from them,

Their bloodless hue my sight appals,

Like a white rose upon the stem,

Which hangs there dead before it falls!

SFORZA.

#### NEW MUSIC.

*Lady Bird! Lady Bird! a Song.* Composed and dedicated to Mrs. P. Atkinson, of York, by PHILIP KNAPTON. Chapple.

DOUBTLESS Mr. K. intended this bagatelle either for very young ladies, with whom the words of a song are secondary considerations, or no consideration at all; or to conciliate

the favour of cautious governesses, who take special care that the words which their pupils sing are so obscure as to defy human understanding, or so fade as not to ruffle the calm of infant imagination. The air of the Lady Bird is simple, with a florid accompaniment, abundance of notes, but not difficult of execution.

*Although they've given him my Hand.* Written in Answer to the admired ballad, Oh no, we never Mention Her. The Poetry by EDWARD BALL. The Music by HERBERT RODWELL. Goulding.

ANSWERS to popular songs generally keep a respectful distance in point of excellence (both as regards the poetry and music) to the questions which have called them forth. *Although they've given him my Hand* is not a very happy poetical effort. The music is flowing and simple, and by singing the two airs together, as noticed in the title-page, produces a pleasing effect.

*The Cossack's Adieu; a Song.* Composed for and sung by MR. SAPIO, at the London Concerts. Inscribed with much respect to JAMES CLAY, ESQ., by ALFRED BENNETT, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Chapple.

THOSE who expect any imitation of the plaintive simplicity that characterizes the music of the Cossacks, will probably feel themselves disappointed. The song before us vacillates between love for the mistress, and love for the battle field;—there is, however, an ungallant preponderance in favour of the latter, and ending as it does in allegro vivace, seems to indicate that the brave Cossack is anxious to finish an unpleasant business. It is, nevertheless, a clever song, and gives promise of better things.

#### THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—On Wednesday night, Mr. Kean, jun. played Frederic, in *Lovers' Vows*. His performance was respectable, but manifested no signs of distinguishing talent. His friends, however, were numerous, and led him into a dilemma. Upon the announcement of the next night's performance, by Mr. Cooper, they called out 'Kean, Kean!' wishing to show him a mark of favour which should scarcely be allowed even to the first geniuses; after some time had elapsed, and the call continuing, Mr. Kean came forward, and had the mortification of hearing the hisses of those who had opposed his coming forward; his friends evidently forming the minority.

On Thursday night a revived or new opera was performed, entitled *Isidore di Merida, or the Devil's Creek*. We have not leisure to enter into details, and we must content ourselves with remarking that the music is in general very good, that Mr. Braham sung extremely well, and that Miss Paton's good taste was very distinguishable. The principal attraction of the evening was the re-appearance of Mrs. Glossop, whose acting name is Madame Feron; we shall, no doubt, have frequent occasion to notice this lady; her voice has by no means improved during her absence, but her execution has profited by experience, and her style is now more Italian.

Some of the scenery is extremely beautiful, and highly creditable to the fame of Mr. Stanfield. Mr. Braham announced the repetition of the opera for Monday, with universal approbation.

COVENT-GARDEN.—We do not think that the fame of Mozart will acquire much additional glory by the introduction of his *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* to a British public. It has generally been considered as the least beautiful of all his operas, and though evidently bearing the impression of the prince of melodists, that impression is much fainter than in his other works. We are not alone in thinking, that Mr. Kramer, when he disturbed the score, calculated more upon the greatness of the name than the excellence of the music. There is no question that the music is beautiful, but it is not of that decided character which can fix the attention of general hearers. The English are certainly an unmusical selfish people. Let any one of tolerably musical feelings go to an opera with the intention of hearing the overture, they will find out what is meant; few think of listening to the most inspired passages, and the few that try to listen, find so many illustrations of the dog in the manger around them, that they give up the attempt in hopeless disgust. There is nothing peculiarly striking in the overture to *The Seraglio*; the opening movement possesses a good deal of quiet beauty, and the allegro is not deficient in spirit and decision.

#### VARIETIES.

*Gas Engine.*—A trial of Mr. Brown's engine took place on Wednesday, between Blackfriars and Southwark Bridges. At one o'clock the boat, containing nine gentlemen, (besides three men who worked the machine, steered, and attended to the anchor,) proceeded rapidly down the river with a strong ebb tide, and, coming near the Iron Bridge, put about, and was admirably worked up through the centre arch of Blackfriars Bridge against a heavy fall of water. The boat was propelled very steadily, and the machinery quiet and regular in its motions. The applicability of the engine as a propelling power, for the purpose of land or water carriage, clearly appeared.

From the Tasmania, a newspaper published in Van Dieman's Land, in December last, we learn the establishment in that rising colony of a Mechanics' Institute, the members of which had amounted to fifty. It is supported by Dr. J. Ross; W. H. Hamilton, Esq., J. P.; G. W. Gunning, Esq., J. P.; W. Gillibrand, Esq., J. P.; J. Scott, Esq., J. P.; E. Lord, Esq., &c. Many gentlemen have promised books for the immediate establishment of a library.

On Thomas Middleton, the Dramatic Poet\* :—

Thou man of dates, thyself without a date!

Nature, though bounteous, ne'er combined thee Of parts sublime:

But hadst thou been, like William Shakspeare, great,

We might have then indeed assigned thee

Unto all time! G. D.

\* The dates of this author's birth and death are both unknown. Middleton was appointed *chronologer* to the city of London.—*Biography in Campbell's Specimens of the Poets.*



The Calcutta Chronicle has been suppressed by order of the Bengal government.

A letter from Geneva, dated the 18th of November, gives the following melancholy intelligence.—'M. le Baron Auguste de Staël died yesterday, at half past nine in the evening, at the Château de Copet. His disorder was a malignant fever, accompanied with a severe affection of the liver, which from the commencement left little hope of recovery. His loss, so afflicting to his family and numerous friends, will also be deeply felt by the many unfortunate people who to him owed their entire support. He leaves his young wife in a very advanced state of pregnancy. Madame la Duchesse de Broglie, who had left her estates in Normandy, to visit her brother at Copet, received the intelligence of his death on her way thither. The Baron de Staël was scarcely thirty-seven years of age. Snatched in the prime of his days from a life wholly consecrated to useful and worthy purposes, he leaves a vacancy difficult to be filled, in a number of philanthropical establishments, many of which owe to him their existence. Heir to the sentiments and recollections of his grandfather and of his mother, M. de Staël cherished France as his country; but in so exalted a soul, the affections were not local, and the numerous ties which attached him to Geneva from his earliest years, had habituated the Genevese to consider him as a fellow-citizen. His death will at no place cause more universal and sincere regret than at Geneva. His remains will be deposited at his estate at Copet, near the tomb of Necker and Madame de Staël.—*Constitutionnel*.

**Exhumation of the Remains of Talma.**—The 19th of October, at seven o'clock, a. m. commenced the exhumation of the remains of Talma, in the eastern cemetery at Paris. The body was raised from the spot where it had been temporarily placed and taken to a vault constructed near the tomb of Delile. The number of persons present at this funeral ceremony was not so considerable as the list of subscribers gave reason to expect, many of them not having received the requisite notice. M. Davilliers, the testamentary executor, conducted the funeral. M. Taylor, commissaire du roi près le Théâtre Français, preceded the company belonging to that theatre; and Mr. Abbott accompanied the English performers. M. Kératry delivered, at the tomb of Talma, an extempore discourse, from which we quote the following passages:—'Admirable actor, worthy man, citizen jealous of the glory of thy country, to which thou hast largely contributed by the exercise of a talent which here had no example; Talma, we come to assign to thy relics the asylum which the gratitude of thy countrymen has dedicated to thee. It is time that the stranger need no longer inquire where rest thy remains. It is time that they know where to offer the tribute of their respect and admiration. And we who come to bid thee a last and solemn adieu, we will not bound our affection by the marble which we place over thy relics—simple, yet richer than mausoleums, since it will bear thy name! We remember the private qualities for which thou art promised a better life. The generation who listened to thee—the generation who survives thee, owed thee the immortality which belongs to talent. It is given to thee; but thou shalt also receive another from a higher and a purer source.' At the conclusion of this discourse Mr. Abbott threw into the vault a crown of laurel, and the French comedians followed the example.—*Rev. Ency.*

It is not yet decided who is to hold the see of Llandaff. Some have remarked, there has been an unusual mortality in the bench of bishops during the year now closing. Drs. Pelham, Legge, King, Goodenough, and Tomline, all in the course of one year have sunk into the grave. Of the Bishop of Winchester, we feel disposed to speak highly; though he was not guiltless of occasional arbitrary measures, nor of an utterly spotless character, yet he certainly commanded and obtained respect as a clergyman, was conscientious in his general conduct, and has conferred considerable benefit on the church and the world by his theological and other works, especially his *Life of Pitt*, on the conclusion of which, it is said, he was engaged during the latter part of his life. The writer of this notice can bear testimony to the strict diligence evinced by the bishop in admitting none to holy functions whom he did not conceive suitably qualified for the purpose. And this trait in his character was the more to be observed, as the indifference with which young men are admitted to orders, without either proper talent or attainment, in some dioceses, is too well known.

The dome at the top of the new palace is now considered so inelegant and unsightly, that orders have been given for its immediate removal.

**Healths.**—The ancient Greeks and Romans used at their meals to make libations, pour out and even drink wine in honour of their gods. The Grecian poets and historians, as well as the Roman writers, have also transmitted to us accounts of the grateful custom of drinking to the health of our benefactors and acquaintances. It appears that men of gallantry, among the Romans, used to take off as many glasses to their respective mistresses, as there were letters in the name of each. Thus, Martial:—

'Six cups to Nævia's health go quickly round,  
And be with seven the fair Justina's crown'd.'  
Hence, no doubt, our custom of toasting or drinking healths, a ceremony which Prynne, in his *Health's* sickness, inveighs bitterly against concluding his address to the Christian reader—'The unfeigned wellwisher of thy spiritual and corporeal, though the oppugner of thy popular and pot emptying health.—William Prynne.' In Witt's *Recreations*, London, 1667, is the following:—

'Even from my heart much health I wish,  
No health I'll wash with drink,  
Health wished, not washed, in words not wine;  
To be the best, I think.'—*Vid. Brand's Antig.*

Died, on Monday, William Poynter, D. D., Roman Catholic bishop of the London district, aged 66. He was born at Petersfield, Hants, and formerly held the preceptorship of the Douay English college. When that establishment was broken up by the French revolutionists, he returned to England, and founded the college of St. Edmund, near Puckeridge, Herts, where most of the younger branches of the English Catholic nobility and gentry of the present day have received their education. Dr. Bramston succeeds him.

**Church yards.**—No one can enter receptacles of this description without being struck with a painful sense of the want of taste, feeling, and simplicity, exhibited by the memorials so plentifully scattered over the consecrated earth. Where the individual has been famous, the name is in all cases quite sufficient; nor can any one reasonably refuse to those who have been nothing on the earth that they should be allowed to look like something in it. But I really cannot see why the simple circumstance of having quitted a world, should authorize an imperti-

nent defunct to abuse it. This sort of work reminds one of the traveller who having been treated with all imaginable civility in some foreign country, returns to his native land only to calumniate that which he leaves behind. It was all very well for Gray to find so much poetry and pathos in these 'rude memorials,' but I confess myself unable to afford them either a smile of approbation, or 'the passing tribute of a sigh!'

Volumes nine and ten of the *History of the French Revolution* by M. Thiers, forming the conclusion of the work, have been just published. They include the important events of the 18th Fructidor and of the 18th Brumaire, the negotiations of Lille and Campo-Formio, and the Egyptian and Helvetic campaigns. For interest, vigour, and clearness of style, and simplicity of narration, these volumes are as remarkable as the preceding.—*Constitutionnel*.

Yesterday, Mr. Davies Gilbert was unanimously elected president of the Royal Society.

The following specimens of prices given at the sale concluded by Mr. Southgate, of Fleet-Street, on Thursday last, would seem to indicate that the spirit of munificent patronage is 'up and doing.' Unfortunately the criterion is not quite safe. At auctions, the spirit of opposition will frequently induce people to pay for an article twice the amount which they would give to the print-seller. Woollett's charming print, after Wilson's Niobe, fetched 15 guineas; Charles I. after Vandyke, by Sir Robert Strange, 15 guineas and a half; Roman Edifices in Ruins, after Claude, by Woollett, £14. 5s.; a proof of the Kemble Family, Harlow, £9.; and several other choice prints brought equally liberal prices.

The Marquis of Stafford has given a picture, by Rubens, of the value of upwards of 4000 guineas, to the National Gallery.

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
Nov. 23	26	33	30	29.70	Cloudy.
..... 24	31	32	27	.. 88	Snow.
..... 25	30	35	39	.. 95	Rain.
..... 26	40	44	38	30.30	Fair.
..... 27	40	45	37	.. 31	Fair.
..... 28	39	45	45	29.98	Fair.
..... 29	44	45	45	.. 29	Fair.

#### UNIVERSITY NOTICES, &c.

THE Rev. E. Sutton, chaplain to the House of Commons, to a prebendary stall in Westminster Cathedral, vice Dr. Clinton, dec.

The Rev. Mr. Griffith, chaplain to the Lord Chancellor, to a stall in Rochester Cathedral, vice Dr. Willis, dec.

Thomas Campbell, Esq. is the Lord Rector of Glasgow University for the year ensuing.

**WORKS JUST PUBLISHED:**—Stuart's Bible Gems, 8s.—Bostock's Physiology, vol. 3, 15s.—Cunningham's Sir Michael Scott, 3 vols. £1. 5s. 6d.—Farey on Steam, 2 vols. £5. 5s.—Congreve on the Rocket, 4to. 21s.—Jennings's Ornithologia, 12mo. 12s.—Fall's Surveyor's Guide, 5s.—Burke's Purge, 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.—King's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Law on Alterations in Practice and Pleading, 4s.—Brasse's Greek Gradus, 8vo. 24s.

**PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.**—The author of *May You Like It* has in the press a new volume of tales.—Mr. Blaquiére is printing a third volume on the affairs of Greece.



## TO READERS &amp; CORRESPONDENTS.

Our good-humoured friend, Gilbertus, must excuse us once more. The Coat does not fit us.

The plan of Nemo is creditable to the benevolence of his feelings, but does not carry with it much appearance of practicability. Many of the Spanish and Italian refugees are already engaged in literary pursuits, but it is not reasonable to suppose that the majority of these individuals can be so employed.

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